A SERIES OF GENUINE LETTERS, BETWEEN HENRY AND FRANCES.

Accepit famam, nec minus illa dedit.

VOL. III.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed (by Affignment from E. JOHNSTON) for J. BEW, Pater-Noſter-Row.

MDCCLXXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

SERIES

OF

GENUINE LETTERS

BETWEEN

HENRY and FRANCES.

LETTER CCCXLIX. *

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

I PARTED from you with a Heart filled at once with the warmeſt Reſentment, and moſt tender Regret; cruel Sentiments to lodge in one Breaſt together, for the ſame Object! Yet were they, for the Time, of mutual Service to me, by keeping each other within Bounds. My Pride moderated my Concern for having left you, and was, at the ſame Time, reſtrained by the Sorrow I felt, at being ſeparated from you.

* This Letter was among the firſt Part of the Correſpondence before Marriage.

Poſſeſſed with Thoughts ſo injurious to my Repoſe, my Mind has been the Seat of Anarchy and Confuſion. At length, the Rebel Pride was forced to yield; as he but furniſhed new Strength to his more powerful Rival; for I found, upon Examination, that my chief Cauſe of Reſentment, was owing to your Want of Tenderneſs towards me; which had, at firſt, picqued my Spirit, but was now ſoftened into a Mortification of another Kind, for not having been able to inſpire you with it. I no longer accuſed you—I only pitied myſelf. I lamented our having ever met, and wiſhed earneſtly for the inſtant Diſſolution of that Being which had loſt its Value with your Love.

" But Death
" Comes not at Call, nor mends its ſloweſt Pace
" For Plaints, or Cries."

In this Situation I arrived in Town, where I found a Letter from you, which had come to my Lodgings juſt after I had left them. How am I to reconcile the Warmth of your Expreſſions, with the Coolneſs of your Manners toward me! Is it poſſible you can think of me as you ſpeak, and yet treat me with Indifference? Do you, indeed, love me, and yet take Pains to make me think you do not? Can you approve that Converſe, in Abſence, which, when preſent, you ſeem to diſregard? What am I to conclude

ſrom ſuch apparent Contradictions? I cannot, will not, doubt your Sincerity—No, let me rather think, that the *Extravagance* of my Love has too haſtily accuſed the *Oeconomy* of your's; and that, notwithſtanding all my Faults and Foibles, you ſtill love me for the only Merit, which your own renders ſcarce one, I ever was poſſeſſed of, that of eſteeming and admiring you.

I have now given you an exact Deſcription, both of the Sentiments and Senſations of my Heart. Do not cruelly charge it with Caprice, but remember that it is your own equivocal Behaviour which has induced my Suſpicions.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER CCCL.

Dear FANNY,

I SHEWED your Critic upon the Series,* to the Biſhop of ———; and he differed from you greatly, by ſaying, that thoſe fond Epithets, and Paſſages of Love and Tenderneſs, which you would have ſtruck out of the Publication, rather ſhew the Letters to be genuine, than give them the Air of a Novel.

He ſmiled at one of your Niceties, where you ſay, that printing of Love Letters is almoſt as indecent as embracing each other in public: But, though he denies your being a ſound Critic, he confeſſes you to be delicate one. His Lordſhip, however, made one Obſervation, which alarmed me, that he never knew People aſhamed of their Fondneſs, 'till they had changed their Sentiments.

For my own Part, there is not one Expreſſion of Love or Tenderneſs, in all my Letters, that I have left out in the Copy confided to my Friend, or that I would now exchange for the ſublimeſt Wit, or moſt refined Philoſophy.

* On the firſt Deſign of publiſhing the former Letters.

My

My Love is like a Fairy Gift, which, it is ſaid, when once beſtowed, can never be retracted; and whoſe *Charm* the Poſſeſſor's Fault alone, can weaken or diſſolve.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCLI.

My dear FANNY,

Maidenhall.

THOUGH I wrote you a Letter this Morning, yet, having a ſecond Occaſion to ſend to *Kilkenny*, this Evening, I ſit down to write to you again, to ſhew you that I do it, not merely becauſe the Poſt calls upon me, but as often as I have Opportunity, as 'tis the only Way I have of enjoying myſelf in your Abſence.

I live a very Hermit here, except when the Houſehold Buſineſs calls upon me to brew, or bake; both of which I have hitherto performed, to the intire Satisfaction of my Superiors, as well as Inferiors; for the Bread is almoſt as good as when you and I kept Houſe alone, and the Drink *promiſes fair*. How long we ſhall continue able to brew, or bake, here, I muſt now ſubmit to Providence; for my moſt active Eſſays are at

a Stand, and an heavy Cloud of Misfortunes ſeems juſt ready to break over our Heads, *Mais vive la Philoſophie, et la Vertu!*

I hope that my deareſt *Fanny* advances happily, in certain Circumſtances; for if Children, as 'tis ſaid, be a poor Man's Bleſſing, I need a Number of them.

Adieu! and haſte to the vacant Arms of your affectionate Huſband; for I am quite weary of the Half of myſelf you left behind, and am impatient to be made whole again.

Your's intirely,

Henry.

LETTER CCCLII.

I HAD the Pleaſure of my Dear *Harry's* moſt affectionate and polite Letter, laſt Poſt; but the extreme Concern I am under for poor Mr. ———, who is hardly expected to recover from a Fever, prevents my being able to make any other Return for it but Thanks. Indeed the Feelings of my Heart are too ſtrong for my weak Spirits. I never received Favour, or Civility, from him, or any of his Family; and yet I grieve for him, as for a Friend and a Brother.

I know

I know this to be a Weakneſs, but I would not Wiſh to conquer it; for, though I have Diſtreſſes enough, myſelf, to ingroſs all my Concern, yet I ſhould think I deſerved them all, and more, were I incapable of ſimpathizing in the Misfortunes of others.

" To each his Sufferings, all are Men,
" Condemned alike to moan,
" The Feeling, for another's Pain,
" The Unfeeling, for his own."

You may be aſſured that I was moſt highly delighted with the Account you give of my dear Child's good Diſpoſition: I pray God to bleſs you, him, and his little Siſter, and to preſerve ye all from *the Peſtilence that walketh by Night, and the Arrow that flieth at Noon Day.* This dreadful Diſorder that rages amongſt us, at preſent, ought to awaken in us the moſt ſerious Thoughts of Eternity. All Ages, Sexes, and Conditions, are liable to it; and who dare ſay their Turn may not be next! The Knell of a departed Friend, ſhould knock at our Hearts, and rouze us from that lethargic Doze, that too often lulls us even to our laſt *Sleep.* What Horrors ſhall then aſſail the Wretch, who wiſhes, in thoſe Moments, that it was to remain *one!*

O let us think the fatal Inſtant now! for, taking Eternity into the Account, it is as certainly preſent, as it will be future.

When our Redeemer warns us to *Take no Heed for the Morrow*, I always underſtood it in a Senſe which I never heard it explained in — That we ſhould conſtantly conduct our Lives, in ſuch a Manner; as if each Day was to terminate our Mortality — Not defer Repentance, nor truſt our Salvation, 'till the Morrow, leſt *ſufficient to that Day ſhould be the Evil thereof!*

I ſhall now quit this gloomy Subject, which has ſunk my Spirits, though it has raiſed my Hopes. I know you need not Mementos, and it was to indulge my own, not to rouze your Reflections, that I have purſued theſe Thoughts.

All this Family are in perfect Health, thank God, and

I am, &c.

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLIII.

Dear FANNY,

Maryborough.

I HAVE rode fifty Miles towards you, this Day. I have not made ſuch a Journey ſince I began my Tour. Aſtronomers ſay, that Planets recede ſlowly from the Sun, but precipitate their Motion on returning toward their Center. I am now within your *Vortex*, and was impatient to meet your Letter here, which I had the Pleaſure of receiving the Moment I arrived.

You ſay that ——— is ſenſible and agreeable, but formal and old-maidiſh: It is ten Years ſince I have been in her Company, which may make a conſiderable Difference, at her Time of Life. Maids and Bachelors are apt to contract particular Manners, in *Proceſs of Time*; but, with this hopeful Difference, that the firſt become rather too ſtrict in their Principles, and the others too free.

Beſides, 'tis natural to imbibe quaint Notions when People live alone; or, what is near as bad, are confined to *one Set of Company*. They conceive a narrow Way of Thinking; degenerate into an Uncoothneſs of Addreſs; find it difficult to conform to the eaſy Manners of the World, to mix in a more enlarged Converſe; and, therefore, in their own Defence, are obliged to aſſume

a Preciſeneſs, in order to diſguiſe their Aukwardneſs. She has Senſe, Wit, and Literature: She has every Proportion of antient *Architecture*; but, for Want of *Uſe*, has mouldered to a *Ruin*. Attend to her with this *connocente* View, and you'll be able to pick up noble *Fragments* from the *Rubbiſh*.

Adieu! my *Life*, and beſt *Rhime* to it.

Your's,

Henry.

LETTER CCCLIV.

Dear FANNY,

MY Cold is conſiderably increaſed, and my Hoarſeneſs ſo great, that writing this Letter to you is no more Trouble than it would coſt me to converſe with you, if preſent. I ſhall be bled as ſoon as I ſeal this. I drink warm Tar Water plentifully: 'Tis the true *Aqua Vitæ*; the other is *Aqua Mortis* rather.

I am pleaſed at an Expreſſion in your Letter, about Madame *de Sevigné*'s Epiſtles, "that any "body could write ſuch Letters, provided they "took no Pains." I agree with you that they will not bear Tranſlation, becauſe there is no

Matter

Matter in them. Your Letter, of this, or of any Poſt, is worth a Volume of them.

Now we talk of Books, I ſhall mention an Error, I met with, in *Orrery*'s Life of *Swift*, which I happened to meet with here. Where he is ſpeaking of *Swift*'s Sextumvirate of Ghoſts, his Lordſhip miſtakes the *elder*, for the *younger Cato*. This was a great Inadvertence—the Claſs of Heroes pointed out the Man. *Swift* deſigned a Groupe of Illuſtrious Antients, who had behaved with the greateſt Bravery and Fortitude, in the Article of Death, either ſuffering it themſelves, or inflicting it on their deareſt Connections, from the Spirit of Virtue. In this Light, the *Cenſor* has no Manner of Buſineſs in the Drama; the Perſonæ of which ſtand thus:

Lucius Junius Brutus.
Marcus Brutus.
Socrates.
Epaminondas.
Cato Uticenſis.
Sir Thomas More.

'Tis remarkable that the ſecond Brutus was lineally deſcended from the firſt; that one had aboliſhed Kingly Government in Rome, and that the other, after an Interval of 465 Years, ſlew the Man who attempted to reſtore it.

But

But his Lordſhip could not, did not, miſtake it. He was aware of the Impropriety: He mentions it; but charges the Error upon *Swift*, merely to introduce an invidious Parallel between him and the *Cenſor*, whom he characterizes equally as Uſurers and Cynics.

The Surgeon is juſt arrived, and I ſhall have ſuch a *quantum ſufficit* of *Welch Blood* drawn off, as might ennoble the whole Creation of Peers lately made here.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCLV.

My dear HARRY,

YOUR Manner of writing, about coming to me, has ſomething in it inexpreſſibly galant and tender. The ſtrongeſt and beſt founded Paſſions, between Perſons who happen not to be bleſſed with certain Manners and Affections, do, in Time, ſubſide; but Worth, Politeneſs, and Tenderneſs, like thine, add conſtant Fuel to the Flame; ſupplying Embers ſtill, to cheriſh the calm Evening of our Lives. Were I a Believer in the Heathen Mythology, I ſhould imagine the God of Love (I would not ſay the Goddeſs)

Goddeſs) had made my little Heart his Throne; for I know no Perſon who has felt his Power of giving Joy, or inflicting Pain, more than myſelf; and, would Mr. *Apollo* but lend me a Ray of his Divinity, I think that Madam *Sappho* would not long remain unrivalled.

You may ſee, by this Rhapſody, what an exhilarating Effect the Thoughts of your Preſence has upon my Spirits. But ah! how ſoon are we to part again! I know you will be angry with me for thus *out-ſpeeding* my Pleaſures, as you termed it once, but indeed I cannot help it.

I have attempted the Work you recommended to me, but could do but little in it. Your Commands are not ſufficient, I need your Inſpiration too. Beſides, in a Work of Genius, there is no taſking one's ſelf; for Wit, like Woman, has its critical Minutes.

Mrs. F—— is really a clever Woman: I am charmed with her. She flatters me, by fighting with me, on all Subjects, while ſhe gives up every Argument to ——— and ———. She is a perfect *L'Enclos*—bating her Morals.

Did you ever hear any thing equal to the Affair of Mr. ———, and poor Miſs ———? I hope in God, and Chriſtian Charity, that the Wretch may ſurvive his Wounds, and live to repent, and be hanged.

Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER CCCLVI.

Dear FANNY,

MR. H——, and Captain L———, fought a Duel here, Yeſterday Morning. Their Quarrel was about Miſs T———. Mr. H—— was ſlightly wounded in the Shoulder. She had contracted herſelf to both of them, and has not yet determined which of the Rivals ſhall cuckold the other.

I recollect that you muſt receive the Letter I wrote from ——— by the ſame Poſt with this; and it would give me great Pleaſure to be certain that you ſhould happen to open the former firſt, becauſe I would not have it reſt upon your Mind the laſt; for your's, which gave Occaſion to it, has been quite obliterated from my Memory, by a Paſſage I met with this Morning in *Ninon de L'Enclos*—"Quand c'eſt l'Amour qui rend une "femme injuſte, quand lui ſeul cauſe ſes vivaci-"tés, quel ſera l'Amant aſſez peu delicat, pour "s'en plaindre?"

So kiſs, and Friends, once more.—I heartily wiſh we could now do the firſt, as literally as I hope the laſt will be always true.

Moſt cordially Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER CCCLVII.

Dear FANNY,

Zoar.

I SHEWED our Friend here your *Impromptu*, written the Day of your Miſcarriage, and he anſwered me epigramatically, that, if ſuch your * *Avortemens*, what muſt your † *Accouchemens* be! He allowed it to have more of the elegant Simplicity of the antient Elegy, than any modern Ode he had ever ſeen. He added, that it was the beſt Thing even of your writing, and conſequently infinitely better than any Thing of mine. He concluded, he was afraid that, from Lovers, we ſhould ſoon become Rivals, if you go on excelling me at this Rate.

His pretty Wife, who, if ſhe would write, could be the only Rival I ſhould fear for you, has got an Apartment fitted up for you at *Tramore*, and expects you every Tide. Mrs. —— W. and Mrs. —— D. were alarmed, as if a Shark had come on Shore, to hear that *a Wit* was *coming down upon them:* But *Kitty* calmed their Apprehenſions, by aſſuring them that you was the tameſt Animal of that *outlandiſh* Species, that ever was harboured among Fools.

* Miſcarriages. † Timely Births.

A melancholic Story! Miſs ——— ſupped laſt Night chearfully, ſlept well, and this Morning awakened mad. Moſt of her raving is about *an Huſband.* If this warm Weather, and the War, continue, Women will be obliged ſoon, like the *Amazons* of old, to march off *in Troops* to the Continent, and pick up Lovers for themſelves.

I ſend you ſome Papers which I cut out of the Chronicles that came here by the laſt Pacquets—Pray keep the *Legend of Poverty* by you, 'till we retire to ſome Cabbin of our own, and then we'll frame and glaze it,

Adieu! my Life.

The

The following is the Poem alluded to in the laſt Letter.

ODE on CUPID.

PHŒBUS is ſtil'd the God of Wit,
But I his Influence deny;
None e'er the Mark of Fame has hit,
Who could Love's pleaſing Power defy.

The Poet's and the Lover's Rays
Are Sparks from one congenial Flame;
True Paſſion muſt allume the Blaze
Which warms the Heart, then mounts to Fame.

'Twas *Lydia*'s Charms rais'd *Horace*' Verſe,
Leſbia that made *Catullus* write;
'Twas Love that deck'd fair *Laura*'s Herſe,
And brought the Nut-brown Maid to light.

From *Eloiſa*'s plaintive Tongue
Such tender Accents ne'er had flow'd,
Nor had we wept, nor had ſhe ſung,
But for the little purblind God.

Aſk *Hagley*'s Muſe, whoſe love-lorn Tears
Fell melting ſoft as feather'd Snow,
If *Titan*'s Shafts have pierc'd our Ears,
Or *Cupid* launch'd the heart-felt Bow?

To *Venus'* Son I tune the Lyre,
Who firſt inſpir'd my Soul to write,
He kindled my poetic Fire,
And not the feebler God of Light.

LETTER CCCLVIII.

My deareſt HARRY,

I HAVE read *Hermippus* thro', and I received vaſt Entertainment from it; but, tho' I conſidered it with the utmoſt Attention, I cannot poſitively determine whether the Author is ſerious, or in Jeſt. Upon the whole, I conſider it as a phyſical Romance; but, tho' I do not give Credit to every Thing he ſays, if I were a Woman of Fortune, I would certainly have the *Primum Ens* of Balm prepared, and give it to any Perſon who preferred *Mortality* to *Immortality*, and that had falſe Courage enough to chuſe this State of perpetual Warfare, rather than endleſs Peace and everlaſting Bliſs.—For my own Part, I look upon Death to be the greateſt Privilege of Human Nature; and I ſhould conſider any Attempt to prolong my Life beyond the uſual Span, as a Scheme to rob me of my *Birthright*; or rather as a vexatious Law Suit, that might, for a few Years, delay the Poſſeſſion of a noble Inheritance, which

which I was born to.—Now don't fancy that this juſt Contempt of Life proceeds from Lowneſs of Spirits, for indeed I am never ſo truly chearful as when I think of Death in a proper and religious Light; nor have I, at this Time, any particular Thoughts of dying; but am, thank God, much better than when I wrote laſt; and hope to have the Pleaſure of meeting my dear *Harry*, and our good Friends at *Daneſfort*, in perfect Health and Spirits, on Sunday next.

'Till then Adieu!

LETTER CCCLIX.

Dear FANNY,

MY Head-Ach has left me—I apprehended ſome Conſequences from it, but am convinced now, that it was only the *Barometer* of this Week's heavy Rain; for, when the Weather cleared up, I did ſo too.

My Cholic, however, continues; but Lady F—— has made me her Patient, and, like *Sancho*'s Phyſician, extends her Wand over every Thing almoſt that I like to eat or drink. She offers me *Stoughton* often, but there is Brandy in it, and you know what a remarkable *Dramaphobia* I have ever had upon me.

She

She has read your *Amana*, and is highly pleaſed with it: But ſhe is angry with you for poiſoning the Heroine. *Oſmin* and *Caled*'s killing one another was very well; and ſhe would have had *Fatima* cut her Throat in Deſpair. This, ſhe ſaid, would have been full Tragedy enough: And then how eaſily had it been for *Nouradin* and *Amana* to have mounted the Throne, by the Help of *Hamet*, who had been ſo lately Generaliſſimo of the Army.

I think her Ladyſhip's Hint would have been a very good one for a Dramatic Poem, as it now ſtands; but would not have done ſo well for a Dramatic Repreſentation, as you firſt deſigned it; for, according to the *Stage Moral*, Virtue is always to ſuffer, and all the Juſtice you were left at Liberty to execute, was to poiſe the *Manichean* Principle, and equally to puniſh Vice.

Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER CCCLX.

Dear FANNY,

I Received your polite Letter — Pray return my my Love to Mrs, ———. No, ſhe had that before — But preſent my Acknowledgements to her, for the kind Opinion ſhe had expreſſed of me. I can have no Merits to any of our mutual Friends, but what ariſe from my Behaviour towards you — Do, if you can, let them ſtill appear Merits, by concealing your own.

Among the large Catalogue of *Engliſh* Poets which I have never read, *Denham* is one. I met with him this Morning, in the Parlour Window. In his Preface to The *Deſtruction* of *Troy*, there is a Paſſage ſimilar to ſome Part of my *Eſſay* on *Claſſic Tranſlation*, which you have inſerted in your *Ninon*. I am always pleaſed when I meet with ſuch Concurrences — They flatter me as if I might be inwardly enlightened with ſome ſmall Ray of Genius.

In that Preface, and in his Lines to Sir *John Fanſhaw*, on his Tranſlation of *Paſtor Fido*, you will find Arguments ſufficient to ſupport your free and unconſtrained Tranſlation of *Ninon de L'Enclos*. In ſhort, the very Method in which that Work has been performed, is perfectly agreeable to the Rules there laid down; which

are,

are, as far as have met with, purſued in your Work only.

I have neither ſeen, nor heard from, the *abdicating* Knight, ſince I came into the Country. He is, I believe, aſhamed at having ceded the County, poorly to compound for a Borough, which was already his own. But it was a *prudent* Meaſure which his own *Imprudence* had rendered abſolutely neceſſary to him at preſent.

Bleſſing to my Children.

Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXI.

My dear HARRY,

I WAS laſt Night at the India Warehouſe, for the firſt Time ſince I came to Town. — You cannot imagine what a Shock I felt — Every Thing and Perſon I ſaw, reminded me of the dear little Miſtreſs of the Houſe, and a Flood of Tears was the Conſequence of that Recollection. I think that this local Kind of Grief, is, of all others, the ſtrongeſt for the Time; and proves that Imagination has more Power over our Paſſions, than we are aware of; for I am as truly ſorry for our dear *Polly*, this Day, as I was Yeſterday;

Yeſterday; but my Grief is not of that impetuous Nature which requires the Relief of Tears.

I got my Night Gown by the Stage, and thank my dear Wardrobe-Keeper for his Trouble. I am very ſorry to hear *your* Son has ſuch an early Propenſity to Gallantry; I think a little Birch, properly applied, might cure him of it.

Pray what is the Meaning of the Word "future," in Mr. W———'s Advertiſement: I think it ſounds like a Kind of Reflection on his paſt Conduct—I wiſh it was ſtruck out, or explained. I ſend you the Quotations you deſired, and your Fiddle String and Bridge, which I forgot to encloſe laſt Poſt, though they lay on the Table by me—But I am not a Cæſar, and there are generally two or three Perſons talking to me while I write. The Pacquets are not come in, of Courſe no Order for Mourning—The Ladies quite at a Loſs about that important Article, their Dreſs—All the genteel Folks remain in Colours—'Tis ſaid, the Ladies are to wear black Cloth, for Dreſs; and Bombazeen, trimmed with Hatband Crape, for Undreſs: But this is all Conjecture; which affords great Speculation to the curious. I have got the Manuſcript from Mr. ———: He gives his *righteous* Judgment on it; and is, of Courſe, with me, "a ſecond *Daniel*;" I think I might have ſaid *Solomon*. He pronounces it the cleverеſt Writing that has appeared theſe many Years—I ſhould find it pleaſant, perhaps, to think

as

as he does — I wiſh, at leaſt, that the Bookſeller would think ſo too.

Give my affectionate Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. ———, and all Friends; and believe me my own dear *Harry*'s truly affectionate Wife.

Frances.

LETTER CCCLXII.

My dear FANNY,

Danesfort.

I AM extremely ſorry to hear your Cold continues — I did not expect it would mend in *Dublin* Air; therefore you may remember I offered to ſpend a Week longer with you at *Shrewle.* However, three or four Days ſtaying within, with *proper Regimen*, will ſet you up again; and the leaſt Careleſſneſs, now, may confine you all the Time you purpoſed ſtaying in Town, and render *Dublin* even duller than you have found it yet. I don't doubt what you ſay of it — I always find it ſo myſelf — 'Tis like the Senſation of a Limb lopped off; according to your Quotation from *Pope* — You ſee the Expediency of inculcating good Habits; for,

for, if they ſtick cloſe to us, what will the bad ones do, which they ſay are ſtronger?

I know nothing, upon Honour, of the *extraordinary* Scene you mention — except it be this, that both *Kate* and I wiſhed you there often; which was neither galant on one Side, nor frolickſome on the other, for a Gentleman and Lady in a Bedchamber. — You need not have cautioned me from putting on a grave Face, at that Paragraph of your Letter; for I know your own Senſe muſt inſtruct you, that the Lady would hardly tell any Thing worth being ſerious about, had there been any Thing worth concealing.

But there is another Paragraph, which makes me really ſerious — poor *Peggy!* All honeſt People, becauſe they ſuſpect not, are cheated. This World was made — not for *Cæſars* — but for *Scoundrels.*

Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXIII.

Dear FANNY,

Kilfane.

I HAVE ſent off the Manuſcript *, by the Yeſterday's Stage, as you directed. I would not have you communicate it to any one, 'till you have ſent me your own Opinion. I need not deſire you to be ſincere, for indeed you are always ſo. I hope as much in your Praiſe of me, as in your Reproof of ſome of my Writings. You are generally a ſeverer Critic on mine, than I ever was upon your's—Not that I am more indulgent, but that you are more correct. The Truth is, that you never hazard, and I always do. In ſhort, I dare more, and conſequently you execute better.

I dined Yeſterday at ——, and her Ladyſhip looks extremely ill, and really is ſo; and, as uſual, will do nothing for herſelf. There never was any Creature ſo prodigal of both Health and Beauty. I was ſo affected at ſeeing ſo amiable a Woman, in ſuch a Condition, that I propoſed a Scheme to my Lord, to ſave her Life, which I am certain would have its Effect. It was to ſettle an Annuity of Two Hundred Pounds a Year on me, during her Life; and,

* The firſt Volume of The Triumvirate; or, The Authentic Memoirs of A. B. and C. ſince publiſhed.

what

what ſhe could never be brought to do, on her own Account, ſhe would generouſly do for the ſake of another. Whenever ſhe ſhould recollect, that the Eaſe and Happineſs of a whole Family, depended on her Health, I dare ſay ſhe would not ſit, for an Hour, as ſhe did the other Evening, in a Grove, with a Bliſter on her Back. Philoſophers ſay, that all Human Nature is liable to Temptation, ſince the *Fall*; but her Bribes muſt be ſomething of this delicate and liberal Nature.

The Family go ſoon to *Glaſcow*, to ſettle their Son at College there. I really think that he will be reſponſible for the higheſt Education they can poſſibly give him. He has all the *French* Livelineſs, and *Nonchalence* of his Mother, with that friendly Warmth of Sentiment, which I have perſonally experienced in his Father. They are both to ſpend next Winter here, and invite us for the Seaſon.

I never feel myſelf perfectly at Home, but at this Place. Muſic, Books, and rural *Sejours*; Eaſe, Chearfulneſs, and Hoſpitality.

Let me hear from you by Return of the Poſt, and believe me, with Exceſs Love, if Exceſs can be in loving of you, my deareſt *Fanny*, with Honour, Truth, and Conſtancy, your truly affectionate Huſband.

Henry.

LETTER CCCLXIV.

Dear HARRY,

I Received the Manuſcript, and do acknowledge myſelf charmed with the Spirit of the Writing. It hurries one on ſo faſt, that I actually read myſelf out of Breath, the firſt Hour, without opening my Lips, except in one or two Paſſages, which I could not reſiſt repeating aloud. The Epiſode is beautiful; and, as Miſs *Beville* ſays, "I wept and wondered, both at the Virtue, "and the Vice of the Recital."

I muſt here make my Acknowledgments to you, for the too kind Compliments you pay me, in the Deſcription of that Lady. I am not vain enough to challenge the Likeneſs, either in her Character, or Perſon; but the Circumſtances of our Fortunes, and the Situation of our Loves, are ſo perfectly parallel, that I can have no Doubt of the Alluſion. And yet, in the very Midſt of your Panegyric, I find I could not eſcape without a Wipe. The ſarcaſtical Spirit of your Family muſt break out, now and then — "Her Senſe was of the true *feminine* Kind, it "conſiſted rather in a Quickneſs of Apprehen- "ſion, and a delicate Taſte, *than a ſtrong Judg-* "*ment.*" Pray, Mr. *Trigliph*, is this becauſe I have

have never read *Smigleſius?* Or are you ſtill ſo bad a Philoſopher, as to diſtinguiſh Souls into Genders?

I can trace all your Characters up to real Perſons, either from the Likeneſs, or the Facts; in both of which my Couſin *Jackſon*, of *Carberry*, ſtands apparent in the Deſcription of the worthy Clergyman: But I am quite at a Loſs for the Condiſciple; I find no Reſemblance among any of your Acquaintance. I am puzzled too about your *Ethelinda*. Are theſe Creatures of the Brain, or *propria Perſona*'s? By your giving her my poetical Name, I ſhould imagine you meant to divide me into two Characters, as you have apparently ſplit yourſelf into three — namely, *A. B.* and *C.* But neither Deſcription, nor other Circumſtance, can be wrought into a Parallel between the two *Ethilinda*'s.

But it was plain enough before, that you never meant to trouble yourſelf any farther about me, by putting me inhumanly to Death, ſo prematurely. — What Neceſſity was there for this, I pray you? 'Tis contrary to all Rules of Novel, as you confeſſed yourſelf. I own my Weakneſs, I felt aukward about it. What would you think, if you ſaw me take out my Penknife, and dart it through your Picture? But this is carrying the Reflection too far, and I impute it intirely to the Caprichio's of your unſyſtematical Manner of Writing. However, thus far I muſt take the

Liberty to ſay, that, if you make *Andrews* marry again, if ever you bring a Step-Mother over little *Harry*, and *la petite Fançhon*, I ſhall actually be apt to believe my firſt Jealouſy may have had ſome Foundation.

I am extremely ſorry for the Account you give of Lady ———, that perfect Model of the Grecian *Venus*. Your Scheme for her Recovery, I think, would certainly anſwer; but, in Lieu of it, I wiſh ſhe would be once convinced, that the neglecting of her Health is a Crime. This would anſwer full as well.

What you ſaid to his Lordſhip, upon this Occaſion, was well enough; the Compliment was pretty, and juſt. My Lord is a Joker, as well as you, and ſo it paſſed off: But that Manner of ſpeaking, has often diſtreſſed me in you, among Strangers, or mixed Company. You ſay Things of the oddeſt Kind, frequently, with ſo ſincere a Countenance, that Perſons who are not acquainted with your Character and Whim, take you to be ſerious; and I have heard ſome of them repeated again, to your Diſadvantage.

I ſhall take your Word about Gervy. I don't know enough of him to judge myſelf, but I hope your Prophecy may be fulfilled, for the Sake of his Father and Mother, whom I know and love.

I am

I am impatient for the ſecond Volume of your Manuſcript * — I expect it ſoon, for you write every Thing with an amazing Rapidity. — Perhaps 'tis this, by a Stroke of Simpathy, that hurries on the Reader at ſuch a Rate.

Adieu! my dear *Andrews*. *Harry* and *Fançhon* are both well, and their Mother *ſtill alive*, to bleſs them.

Frances.

LETTER CCCLXV.

Dear FANNY,

Monday.—Belvedere.

THIS is the ſweeteſt Place in *Ireland*.—I have no paſtoral Deſcription in me, (though this riſes to the epic) or I could fill a Sheet of Paper, on the Subject — I ſhall never be ſatisfied 'till you ſee it. I honour your Taſte, for dropping Tears at the Lake of *Kilarney*.

I came here but Yeſterday, for I was detained at ——— two Days longer than I deſigned to have ſtaid there — But poor *Ragotin* had met with ſome new Diſtreſs, which required me to help him out of.

* See Letter CCCCI.

I called at ———, and at ——, in my Way hither, but the melancholic and offenſive Sights of the *bookleſs ſauntering Youths*, at both Places, prevented me from ſtaying above half an Hour in either. This Age is ſo illiterate, that I really believe the next will hardly know how to read, or write; and, before this Century ſhall be cloſed, it is not impoſſible but any one, who can then be able to commit a Speech or Sentence to Writing, may paſs for a Conjurer, who can *paint one's Thought upon Paper*.

My Letters on this Circuit, can be nothing elſe but Journals of my Travels; ſo proceed us on our Way, and I ſhall carry this Letter with me to the next Poſt Town.

Tueſday.—Ginnets.

I came from *Belvedere* to *Dangan*, this Morning, but his Lordſhip was gone to *Dublin*.—What's to be done! No Town near me, but *Trim*, at three Miles diſtance; which would have been ſix Miles out of my zig-zag Courſe; the Day extremely hot; and I fatigued.—Is there not a Gentleman, in this Neighbourhood, an old Acquaintance of mine, within a Quarter of a Mile? I never forget my old Friends, and there is ſometimes an Advantage in this obſolete Principle.—I came here, and was received with all the Heartineſs and Hoſpitality imaginable.—They are a very agreeable Family in this Houſe—

Eaſe,

Eaſe, Good-Humour, and Cordiality, are comfortable Inmates.

The Poſt goes out but twice a Week from this Country, therefore I ſhall carry this Letter on with me Tomorrow, in order to write you a Paragraph from my next Stage.

Wedneſday.—Caſtle Bellingham.

I have a Relation in this Town — As ſoon as I alighted, I called to inquire if he was at Home, and was told by the Servant, that he was in *Dublin*, but his Lady and her ten Children were juſt ſitting down to Dinner — I never ſaw any of them — What ſhould I do with a ſtrange Woman, and ten ſtrange Children! the Majority of them Girls, to be ſure, by the Laws and Œconomy of Providence! I fled for the ſame, and retired to my Inn, to cloſe this Letter.

I have ſhifted Climates frequently, ſince we parted — I am now a Degree and an Half from you, which is half a Degree more than I have ever ſtrayed from you yet, ſince we were married. Every Day grows warmer with you, while each grows colder ſtill with me. However this gives me no *Latitude*; for my Affections remaining conſtantly under your *Meridian*, preſerve ſtill the ſame Southern Temperature.

I am, my deareſt Fanny,

Your's, from Pole to Pole.

LETTER CCCLXVI.

Wexford.

I HAVE ſuffered the ſevereſt Inquietude, at not hearing from my deareſt *Harry*, for many Reaſons, particularly on Account of your ill State of Health: Yet, I am ſure, you are not to blame; 'tis the Diſtance and Aukwardneſs of our Situations, that occaſions this Diſappointment. I have not heard from *Dublin* ſince I came here, which adds to my Uneaſineſs, as I am very apprehenſive my poor *Fanny* is in Danger. "Nor Peace, "nor Eaſe, that Heart can know, *&c.*"

I have met with The *Dialogues of the Dead*; I like ſome of them extremely; but, in general, as far as I have yet read, I think they want Spirit. There is a Paſſage in that between *Machiavel* and *Guiſe*, which I ſhall copy here, as I think it ſupports my Argument with Regard to the Writings of *Ninon*, which you forced me to publiſh, both againſt my Opinion, and my Will.

Guiſe.] "When you were a Miniſter of State "in *Florence*, if any Man had publiſhed a Book, "to inſtruct his Countrymen in the Art of poi"ſoning, and how to do it with the moſt cer"tain Deſtruction to others, and Security to "themſelves, would you have allowed him to "plead, in his Juſtification, That he did not "deſire Men to poiſon their Neighbours, but,

"if

" if they would take ſuch evil Methods of " mending their Fortunes, there could be no " Harm in letting them know, what were the " moſt effectual Poiſons, and by what Means " they might give them without being diſco- " vered? Would you have thought it a ſufficient " Apology for him, that he had dropped, in his " Preface, or, here and there, in his Book, an " Exhortation againſt the committing of Mur- " der? Without all Doubt, as a Magiſtrate, con- " cerned for the Safety of the People of *Florence*, " and all Mankind, you would have puniſhed " the Wretch with the utmoſt Severity, and ta- " ken great Care to deſtroy every Copy of ſo per- " nicious a Book: Yet your own admired Work " contains a more baneful and helliſh Art; it " poiſons States and Kingdoms, and ſpreads its " Malignity, like a general Peſtilence, over the " World."

Pray give me your Opinion of this Paſſage, and how far you think it applicable to the Caſe in Point? Don't copy after *Dives'* Brothers, " who " would not be perſuaded, tho' one roſe from the " Dead."

This Place is dull enough; no Water-Drinkers but ourſelves; the People of the Town are ſtupid and formal; the very Elements are averſe to Literature, for Writing and Reading are abſolutely forbidden to all who drink the Waters, on Pain of Megrims and Deliriums; ſo that we ſhall re-

turn

turn wholly illiterate; but, what we want in Knowledge, we ſhall make up in Beauty, for our Complexions are already much improved. The Waters agree very well with us; we riſe every Morning before Eight, which is reckoned very late here: We uſe a vaſt Deal of Exerciſe, which is abſolutely neceſſary to carry off the Spirit of the Waters, which are vaſtly ſtrong. My Head is at this Moment quite giddy. Don't write by *Gowran*, every one ſays 'tis the worſt Way.

Adieu! my deareſt Life. I hope To-morrow's Poſt will bring me an Account of my dear *Harry*'s Health and Happineſs, which will add greatly to the Portion of each, which is allotted to his affectionate Wife.

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXVII.

My dear HARRY,

I Actually think I could not live in this Town, if they would give me Five Hundred Pounds a Year, there is ſomething ſo very provoking in the Poſt. I have not had a Line from you ſince this Day Se'nnight. I thought, when we had done with *Gowran* Poſt, that our Letters would paſs regularly; but I begin to deſpair of their getting into a right Method, during our Abſence. I had the Pleaſure of hearing from my Mother laſt Poſt, that our dear *Fanchon* is quite recovered, and but little marked. I hope next Poſt will bring me an Account of your having ſettled *Harry* at School, and of your ſafe Arrival at *Belfaſt*. I addreſſed my laſt Letter to *Dangan*; I hope you have received that, and all former ones. I have had a violent Pain in my Head, theſe two Days, which is, I believe, occaſioned by a little Irregularity; but I will be good, and well, immediately.

I have, with great Difficulty to my Eyes, and Satisfaction to my Mind, finiſhed The *Dialogues of the Dead*. I think the Author has ſhewn himſelf a fine Moraliſt, a judicious Critic, and, *I believe*, an able Stateſman.——Of this laſt Character I have not the leaſt Knowledge, but Truth and Senſe, joined, will force Conviction on the moſt

ignorant

ignorant Mind, or give it, at leaſt, a Sort of feeling Demonſtration. I admire many of the Dialogues extremely, but I love that, between *Brutus* and *Atticus*, the beſt.— The Warmth and Spirit of exalted Virtue is finely contraſted with the cool, unloving, ſtoic Tenets, that, like the low Minds of theſe our Days, are ſure to riſk nothing for their Friends, but, as the vulgar have it, "take "Care of *One*."

I am alſo extremely pleaſed with the Dialogue between *Portia*, *Arria*, and *Octavia*; and highly applaud the Juſtice of *Minos*, for giving a higher Place in Elyſium to the *laſt*, than the other two. As a Woman, I declare, I ſhould think it much eaſier to die for an amiable and affectionate Huſband, than to bear repeated and unmerited Injuries, from one, whom, notwithſtanding his Cruelty, I loved. If I go on praiſing every Dialogue that I like, I ſhall not have finiſhed my Panegyric Time enough for the Poſt, I will therefore change Sides, and begin to find Fault; but I ſhall quickly have done, as I declare there is but one amongſt them which I *diſlike*. I hope *I do ſo*, rather as a Critic, than a Woman. It is, that between *Mercury* and Mrs. *Modiſh*. The firſt Part of it puts me ſtrongly in Mind of an old Ballad, called *Death* and the *Lady*: And the latter Part is filled with trite Morals, and Sarcaſms againſt Women, with which Farces and old-faſhioned Satires abound, and has not a Bit more

more Wit or Humour, than *the Converſation between* Mercury *and the fine Lady in* Lethe, from *which*, indeed, this Dialogue ſeems to be taken.

It vexes me that I muſt ſend off this Letter, before the Poſt comes in; but what was ſaid of the College Boy is verified here, for I really think the Poſt goes out ten Times, for once it comes in.

Adieu! my deareſt Life. I keep up my Spirits with the pleaſing Hope, that a few Hours will afford me the Satisfaction of hearing that you are well, and happy: Long, very long, may you continue ſo, is the fervent Wiſh of your ſincerely affectionate Wife.

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXVIII.

My dear FANNY,

Belfaſt.

I CAME hither Yeſterday, at Noon.—I was, I mean my Horſe was, heartily tired. I paſſed over the *Newry* Mountains, in my Route, which are moſt ſtupendous Excreſcencies of Nature—*Pelion* upon *Oſſa* heaped. The navigable Canals that are cut thro' this County, give a great Air of Buſineſs, and Grandeur, to it. The whole Province is juſt ſuch Kind of Ground, as I deſcribed formerly to you, when I was at *Callidon*, and *Clogher*. We are almoſt at the extreme of our Northern Continent here.

The Inns, all along this Road, are miſerably bad.—They told me ſuch and ſuch an Inn was good; which are judged ſo, merely by Compariſon, becauſe there are many worſe.—But the beſt I have met with, ſhall henceforth make me eſteem *Timolin* a Palace. I have neither read, or wrote, ſince I parted from you, except my Letters to you. I hurry away, at ſuch a Rate, that I have not Time to ſettle to any Manner of Study; and I have loaded my Cloak-bag with Books and Papers, to no Manner of Purpoſe; ſo that I may be ſaid, *literally*, but not *literately*, to follow my Studies, as the Servant rides generally before. This is our Way in *Ireland*, which

the

the *Engliſh* laugh at, as they always make the Servant attend behind. But you know I am a Man of Form, and I have read, that, in all Proceſſions, the Principals march laſt. All I can, therefore, give you an Account of, in my Travels, like moſt *travelled* Gentlemen, is of the Inns on the Road, which I have already given you my Experience of.

Apropos, of travelled Beaux—The —— came here, laſt Night—I had taken Poſſeſſion of the State Apartment; but, overhearing ſome Altercation between him and the Landlord, about it, I ſtept forth, and offered to cede the Room to him; for, as I did not mean to hold a Levée there, any other Chamber would ſerve me as well. The ——— came up, and returned me Thanks, but declined my Politeneſs—He ſpoke ſome good *French*, and ſome bad *Engliſh*; and I replied in the Reverſe. His Valet was attending him, with an Armful of Books. This is the Difference between us and Foreigners.—The verieſt *Petit Maitre* reads. They are Coxcombs, but we are Blockheads. His coming to Town, was on Account of an Aſſembly and Ball, held here laſt Night. I was preſſed to go, by Mr. *Porter*'s Family, but I told them I had no Curioſity to ſee an Aſſembly, held under the Pole.

I paſſed thro' *Lisburn*, Yeſterday; which, from the Situation, being on the Side of a Hill, over a

a navigable River, muſt have taken its Denomination from *Lisbon* in *Portugal*, the Name corrupted. If my Father had been with me, he would had ſworn that the Story of the Earthquake had been all a Forgery, for the Town ſtands exactly as the foreign *Lisbon* did, when he ſaw it fifty Years ago. The *Tagus* does not run thro' it indeed, but the *Teague* does, which, perhaps, is a Corruption alſo.

I have thoroughly inſtructed myſelf in the Nature of my Employment here; for I am glad to find that the Port of *Belfaſt* is comprehended within my Diſtrict.—There cannot be any Manner of Impoſition upon me; for my Profits ariſe from the Imports and Exports of *Carrickfergus*, *Belfaſt*, and *Larne*; the Fees are ſpecified by Act of Parliament; and the Books of Entries are ſigned by the Collector, my Deputy, and the Surveyor of this Port; ſo that, unleſs they all three join, to cheat the Revenue, I cannot be impoſed upon.

I ſend you a Paper, publiſhed here; it was firſt ſet on Foot, and eſtabliſhed, by a Taylor, in this Town; who, by mere Dint of Genius, made the Types, the Ink, the Paper, and the Preſs. He has retired upon an eaſy Fortune, and has reſigned the Buſineſs to his Sons. A Taylor and Literature! But this is is a keen Air, which, perhaps, may ſharpen Wit, as well as Appetite. There are two well wrote Parallels in it. Our ſtupid *Leinſter* Journal broke, at 8*s.* a Year Subſcription;

ſcription; and this Man has made a Fortune at 4. But, indeed, they read more in the North than the South. I have met with Twenty Bookſellers Shops, on this Circuit; and there is not one, from *Dublin* to *Cork*.

My Compliments to all Friends in the *Antipodes*, and believe me to be dear *Fanny*'s truly affectionate Huſband and Emigrant,

Henry.

LETTER CCCLXIX.

My dear HARRY,

I HAVE been very ill theſe three Days, and, as I ſtill continue ſo, have ſome Reaſon to fear the worſt is not over. I have made too free with myſelf, by drinking the Waters, &c. and am ſorry for it now, both for your Sake, and my own. I thank you ſincerely for your kind *Wiſhes*, and hope they will ſome Time or other take Place. I have felt *many* of the ſame Sort, for you; and have grudged myſelf every Pleaſure, both mental and local, which you did not participate. I have often, without a Parody, applied *Parnel*'s Lines to Health, to you.

" Of

" Of what avail the Beauties that I ſee?
" Ah! taſteleſs all, ſince unenjoy'd with thee, *&c.*

Theſe are the Delicacies of Love, which none but refined Souls are capable of reliſhing, and from which we ſkilful Chymiſts can elaborate a Kind of artificial Happineſs: For I inſiſt upon it, that the tender Regret which we feel, for the Abſence of a Perſon we love, on ſuch Occaſions, is infinitely more delightful than the bare Enjoyment of any Pleaſure, free from thoſe elegant Senſations: But, at the ſame Time, I readily grant, that theſe make-ſhift Pleaſures fall ſhort, very far ſhort, of mutual Delight.

If you knew what Pain I write in, you would be aſtoniſhed at my Treatiſe on Pleaſure; but you will make a Scarron of me at laſt: I am not vain enough to mean Madame *Scarron.*

I have juſt now had the Doctor with me; he has adviſed me to go immediately to Bed—I obey reluctantly, as I cannot flatter myſelf with the Hopes of dreaming of you; for I might as well think of ſleeping in a Mill, as where I lie, 'till all the Family are in Bed, and 'tis now high Noon: But neither Pain or Noiſe ſhall prevent my thinking of, and of Courſe loving you, with Fondneſs and Eſteem.

The Poſt don't go out till To-morrow; if I am better, I will tell you ſo. *Fanny* is quite recovered, thank God. Have you heard from

our

our dear *Harry?* Pray make my ſincere Compliments to your friendly Hoſt. My preſent Situation reminds me ſtrongly of his Kindneſs, tho' I hope I don't want any Thing to revive my Gratitude. I go on ſcribbling, tho' ſcarce able to hold the Pen; but I am always ſorry to bid you

Adieu!

Saturday Morning. *Frances.*

L'Affaire eſt fait. But I am, thank God, out of Danger.

LETTER CCCLXX.

My dear FANNY,

Ardmagh, *the glorious 1ſt of Auguſt.*

I Received your Letter, directed to *Trim*, ſent after me to *Belfaſt*. I deſire not a Line from you, if it interferes with your Waters — Tho', perhaps, you paſs that on me, for a lazy Apology.

I left *Belfaſt* Yeſterday Morning, and had a Dream on Horſeback. I was paſſing thro' the Village of ———, and my Eye was caught by a Houſe, placed in the moſt romantic Situation imaginable. I inquired who lived there, and, when

when I heard the Name, and conſidered the Country I was in, I recollected that the Lady had been formerly a Miſtreſs of mine.—She was pretty, and Fifteen, when I was amorous, and Eighteen. We have had frequent Paſtime of *catch as catch can*, together, or *let each ſit down with their Loſs*. She thought I would have married her, and I did not think ſhe would have required ſo much. At laſt, we both of us found out our Miſtake, and ſo happily parted, without any Manner of Damage to either Party. In ſhort, ſhe was innocent, and I was baſhful. 'Tis an hundred and fifty Years ago, but Memory, like a Calenture, preſented the *Elyſian* Fields of Youth before me, and the whole felt like a Viſion, or a Dream.

A Gentleman at *Belfaſt* was an Hoſtage on Board of *Thurot*'s Ship, when he received his mortal Wound: His dying Command to his Lieutenant, was to fight his little Squadron, while any other Ship could live above Water; and then expired, and was thrown overboard.

We have had ſurprizing Weather, during the whole Courſe of my Tour—I rejoice in it alſo, on your Account, at the *Spa*. I think that nothing in Nature can exceed the Beauties of this whole Northern Province—A fine Country, excellent Land, great Plantations, noble Seats, good Roads, and indefatigable Induſtry. — The

Sound

Sound of Spinning-Wheels, Looms, and Bleach-Mills, with all the *buſy Hum of Men*, have not been out of my Ears, for theſe three Weeks paſt, during a Circuit of 200 Miles. I ſhall fall aſleep when I return to the South.

Adieu! my dear *Antipode*, ſtill.

LETTER CCCLXXI.

My Heart's-dear LOVE,

I HAVE the ſincereſt Pleaſure in telling you, that I am, I bleſs God for it, ſurprizingly well, after my diſagreeable Adventure. Tomorrow I hope to be able to take the Air. I am heartily vexed at your not receiving my Letters; I took great Pains to give you an Account of the little I have read, ſince we parted, as I fancied that giving my Opinion on ſuch Subjects, would be pleaſing to you; and indeed, my dear, I never read, write, or perform even the more trifling Duties of Life, without a proper and fixed Attention to my ſole View, that of rendering myſelf agreeable to the beſt Huſband, and moſt amiable Man breathing.

Tho' my Letters are of little Conſequence, yet I ſhould be glad if you could recover them: I will therefore tell you, as well as I can recollect,

how

how they were addreſſed—Two to *Carlow*, Two to *Kilkenny*, One to *Trim*, One to *Belfaſt*, and Four to *Roſcommon*. You ſee, by this Account, that I have not miſſed a Poſt, that it was poſſible for me to write by.

Exerciſe is certainly the beſt Medicine, tho' I am ſorry I uſed ſo much of it; but, if it reſtores your Health, I ſhall gladly compound for what I have ſuffered, and acknowledge myſelf its Debtor. Your Account of *Thurot* has made me grieve for him—I can't help being ſorry for a brave Man, tho' an Enemy.

How earneſtly do I wiſh I could exchange the Pleaſure of writing to you, for that of converſing with you! But I am afraid it will be a long Time before I have that Happineſs; for I am ſure our Friends here, will not think of leaving this hateful Place, 'till next Month. I ſhall drink the Waters again, as ſoon as it is ſafe for me to venture: I believe they would have agreed extremely well with me, had I not been with Child; but I may defy them now, and will drink them, out of pure Spite. I do not aſk you to come here, becauſe I fear it would be diſagreeable to you, and perhaps dangerous; yet my Heart beats with a Kind of ſucceſsful Joy, when I think it poſſible that you may come, which I flatter myſelf is a good Omen.

My Hand ſtill trembles thro' Weakneſs, and the additional Flutter of my Heart, at this Inſtant, makes

makes me fear, if I write more at preſent, you will not be able to read. Adieu! then, for a While.

Saturday Morning. Mr. and Mrs. W——— are gone to take the Air; they both knew I wiſhed to go, and, for that very Reaſon, would not aſk me; but, 'tis no Matter, this is, I hope, the laſt Time I ſhall ever be in their Power. I could tell you many as extraordinary Inſtances of their *Good-Nature*, ſince I have been ill; but, in Truth, they are not worth recording, tho' they will live in my Memory in Spite of me. I think it is the Son of *Sirach* ſays, that "Friendſhip is "the Medicine of Life:" But, when the Tenderneſs of an affectionate Huſband, is added to that, it muſt become a *Panacea*. Indeed, I both wiſh, and want ſuch an one now, to raiſe my Spirits, which were hardly ever lower. This Situation, tho' the natural Effect of ſuch an Illneſs as mine, is deemed Vapours! But, one Comfort is, I care not what they think, or ſay, of me. How often have I, particularly of late, exclaimed, with *Pope*, —

"Oh! let me live my own, and die ſo too,
"To live and die is all I have to do:
"Maintain a Poet's Dignity and Eaſe,
"And ſee what Friends, and read what Books,
"I pleaſe."

God grant that this may be, at ſome Time or other, our Caſe; for indeed I am truly weary of the ſervile Conſtraint I am forced to undergo: 'Tis like wearing a Maſk, when one is not aſhamed of their Face. I bleſs God, I neither think, or act, any Thing which I need to hide; yet I am obliged to live in perpetual Diſguiſe. This Conſtraint leſſens me in my own Eſteem, and makes me look upon myſelf as a Kind of Hypocrite, without having any Vice to hide, or aſſuming any Virtue. This Subject has put me out of Temper; I will therefore have done with it for the preſent; and, I hope, ſoon, for ever. You don't tell me any Thing of our dear *Harry*: I hope you hear of, I was going to ſay, from, him; but that Pleaſure is yet to come.

Adieu! my dear *Henry*. I have the Happineſs to be your truly fond and faithful Wife.

Frances.

P. S. Pray let your Letters go by *Dublin*: I ſhall then receive them regularly. When they are directed by *Roſs*, or *Kilcullen*, they often lye in the Office for a Week.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXII.

Dear FANNY,

I CAME thro' *Callidon* Yeſterday Morning; and, when I looked up at the Manſion Seat, my Tears began to flow, and I galloped out of the Village, like one purſued. I have never ceaſed to lament the Death of our dear Lady *Corke*: I did not think of her happy Spirit, with more Fondneſs or Friendſhip, at that Inſtant, than at any other. I knew where *Callidon* lay, ſo that it did not ſurprize me. Account to me for this local Tenderneſs. You are too good a Philoſopher, to anſwer me, that it is natural—This is to give the Effect for the Cauſe.

I remember, in one of your former Letters, you ſaid ſomething pretty upon this Subject; * and I would have every thing, you ever ſaid, repeated, or recorded.

But, to divert the Subject, I'll tell you a little Novel, that I was informed of, by Mrs. ——— at *Armagh*. The Facts are true. †

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

* See Letter CCCLXI.

† For which Reaſon the Editor has left them out.

My Cholic has returned on me ſeverely, theſe three Days paſt. —Every Attack grows worſe and worſe.

" The young Diſeaſe, that will ſubdue at length,
" Grows with our Growth, and ſtrengthens with
" our Strength."

But *Bath*, they tell me, is to compleat the Cure.

Amen!

My moſt affectionate Compliments to Mrs. and Mr. ——. You have the reſt, by Heart; which is a ſincere Tranſcript of mine.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXIII.

My dear HARRY,

I Almoſt deſpair of your ever receiving any of my Letters; this vexes, and would diſcourage me from writing to any Mortal but you; yet I have a Kind of Pleaſure in this imaginary Correſpondence, ſuch as I have often experienced in talking to your Picture, or uttering my Tenderneſs in Whiſpers, when you were faſt aſleep. Theſe Sort of romantic Converſations give Vent to the Fullneſs of my Heart, but do not ſatisfy its Fondneſs. This is, at preſent, the only Method, I have left, of indulging my Tenderneſs; and therefore I purſue it.

You know I never was, or ſhall be, a Philoſopher, in any Senſe of the Word; yet you ſtart difficult Queſtions, to make me ſhew my Ignorance. Well, Sir, I will indulge you; laugh away, and welcome. I think, then, that ſenſible Objects, which were any Way connected with *an abſent, or departed Friend*, impreſs *their* Idea more forcibly on our Minds, than bare Reflection can; and then, like the Preſſure of the Moon, on the Sea, they create a Fullneſs of Sorrow or Tenderneſs, which can only be relieved by flowing from our Eyes. I forget that I ever wrote a Line upon this Subject before; at leaſt, I think that

this Solution of the Queſtion never occurred to me before. As to your Story, in the true *Shandean* Stile, of Mr. or Mrs. or Miſs *Equivoque*, I ſhall not, at preſent, give you my Remarks on it; tho', perhaps, they might be, to the full, as curious as the Text.

I think I ought, now, to give you ſome Account of myſelf. I bleſs God, my Health of Body grows daily better, but the State of my Mind is not one Bit relieved from the Complaint I mentioned in my laſt. You ſee I go on writing, as if I thought you received my Letters. Alas! I know you do not. This Thought has put me out of Patience; but I ſtill flatter myſelf, that you will receive all mine, directed to *Roſcommon*. The Incloſures came under Cover, laſt Poſt, to Mr. W———.

My Letters are very incorrect, and filled with Tautologies: I cannot help it; I am obliged to write in our Dining-Room, in the Midſt of the Family Converſation; for my Chamber is too ſmall to hold a Table to write on. I think I have now ſaid all I have to ſay; but if any Thing farther occurs, before the Poſt goes out, you ſhall have it. I ventured to Church, Yeſterday; and ſhall dine abroad Tomorrow, and next Day. Don't you think me very ſtout?

Wedneſday

Wedneſday Morning.

Nothing new, or rare, has happened. I dined with your Aunt, Yeſterday, inſtead of going to Mr. ————'s, where we were invited; as the Meaſles are in his Houſe, and I ſhould not chuſe to run the Hazard of another Fit of Illneſs, at *Wexford*. I ſhould hate, mightily, to die here, "where I am neither loved, or known." You ſee I parcel out my Letters, from Day to Day, and contrive to ſpend as much of my Time in writing to you, as I can. Indeed, my Love, I have no other Pleaſure but this dumb Converſation; the chief Merit of which is, that it fixes thoſe Thoughts, which are for ever hovering round you, to their moſt pleaſing Object. I muſt leave my only Amuſement now, for the Poſt is going out: But your Idea, kind and conſtant as yourſelf, will not forſake its little Dwelling, my fond Heart, not even for a Moment. I muſt bid you Adieu! tho' you are ever preſent to your ſincerely affectionate Wife.

Frances.

LETTER CCCLXXIV.

My dear FANNY,

Roſcommon.

THIS Morning I received a Letter from you, with an Account of your Accident. I am ſorry for it; but rejoiced to hear you are ſafe. You throw the Blame on the Doctor, and he'll charge Irregularity on you: But, between ye both, I have loſt my fine Boy, or Girl — Which was it?

I am glad to hear *Fançhon* is well: I have not heard one Word of her before, ſince we parted. I know nothing of *Harry* ſince I left him; but ſhall go through *Carlaw*, in my Way to *Danesfort*.

Direct your next Letter to me at *Kilkenny*, for it is not poſſible for me to hear any more from you, in any Part of my future Circuit. As ſoon as I get to *Caſtle-Comer*, I ſhall ſend there, to the Poſt, and ſquare my Motions to *Danesfort*, according as you adviſe me of your's.

Melly and Mr. *Birmingham* are extremely ſorry at your *Lapſe*. I ſhewed your Letter to them, with the genteel Compliment, about your former one here, of the *Par nobile Fratrûm*.

I am, my deareſt *Fanny*, your ſatisfied Huſband, but diſappointed Father.

Henry.

P. S. I

P. S. I ſend you three printed Paragraphs, incloſed, for your Amuſement. Don't you love the fond Huſband and Father, whoſe Heart failed him, at leaving a Wife and Children; and admire the generous Bravery of his Comrade? If I had a Fortune, I would give 50 Guineas apiece, both to one, and the other.

The Advertiſement of St. *Mark*'s Pariſh is an odd one. I think our Prints are becoming as extraordinary and entertaining as the Engliſh Papers. Can you ſee why Sir *Nich. Bayly*'s Sea-Weed is brought into the other Advertiſement, merely to be excluded out of it again. I catch at the moſt foreign Helps, I meet with, to amuſe you.

LETTER CCCLXXV.

My dear FANNY,

Mount Talbot.

I Deſigned to have ſpent but two Days here; but, if I could ſpare them from you, I ſhould ſtay a Month, yet. However, if it clears up To-morrow, for it rains heavily To-day, I ſhall ſet out for *Athlone*.

I have undergone great Fatigue in my Tour: The Weather was fine 'till this laſt Week, but extremely hot. What muſt it have been in your Latitude? We have had prodigious Thunder and Lightning; a Sheep and a Dog were killed with it, in a Farmer's Yard, near where I paſſed.

I am now in the Two-Poſt Province, and ſhall continue ſo 'till I get to *Carlow*. However, I hope to hear from you at *Stradbally*, becauſe that is the Poſt I have directed my next Letters to be ſent to: I ſhall then know what Day you will be at *Daneſfort*, and will calculate my Route, ſo as to meet you the very Day you arrive.

This has been an unlucky Province to me: The firſt Time I came to it, was on Account of your Miſcarriage; and I had hardly ſat down in *Roſcommon*, in the ſame Place, before I received a Letter from you, to the ſame Purpoſe. I declare I will manage you my own Way, the very next Time you get yourſelf with Child; for I will

will not be always playing *Shakeſpear's Love's Labour loſt*, at this Rate.

I gave Mr. ——— your Ode, *Gratitude*, ſince I came here. He agrees with me, that it has all the Chaſtneſs, the Purity, of antient Poetry —— None of the *Etincelle* of Modern Wit. He ſays, that a Perſon, who has not a refined, and claſſical Taſte, would think it flat. I anſwered, that poliſhing gives a *Smoothneſs* to Matter, which the vulgar may miſtake for *Flatneſs*.

In this Stile and Spirit have we converſed together ſince we came; and yet I leave him Tomorrow! But then — I go to you.

Adieu! my Life.

Henry.

GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE.

An ODE.

Addreſſed to her GRACE

THE

DUTCHESS of BEDFORD.

O GRATITUDE! Cœleſtial Fair!
With thy whole Senſe my Soul is fraught;
Let me not only feel thee there,
But teach me to expreſs my Thought.

Be thou my Muſe, and, while I ſing
Of unexpected Bounty ſhewn,
Let Tears ſupply *Caſtalia*'s Spring,
Thro' them the Heart is ſureſt known.

For, oh! too full to vent its Joys,
By Speech, by Letter, or by Lay,
It pours a Torrent thro' my Eyes,
And I can only weep and pray,

"May

" May She, from whom this Tranſport flows,
" With every Happineſs be crown'd ;
" Let each new Morn, new Bliſs diſcloſe,
" To meaſure Life's continued Round.

" May BEDFORD gracious lend an Ear,
" To what thy Dictates now inſpire ;
" Like Heaven accept of ardent Pray'r,
" Nor blame the Muſe for Want of Fire."

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

Dear FANNY,

Athlone.

I Received two Letters from you at this Poſt-Office, of different, and diſtant Dates *, ſent after me from the reſpective Stages they arrived at.

The Paſſage you quote from the late *Dialogues of the Dead*, is, I think, rather ingenious, than ſolid. I ſhall not enter, here, into a Defence of *Machiavel*, who has been greatly miſunderſtood, or miſrepreſented. There is a Letter of his, in the *Harleian Miſcellany*, which vindicates him ſufficiently.

But, with regard to *Ninon*, the Application can poſſibly have no Manner of Place. Your Book has Two Parts; her Life, and her Writings; ſuppoſing the latter to be her own: No Matter. With regard to the firſt, Did the reading The *Memoirs of Meſſalina* ever make a Woman turn Proſtitute? And, as to the latter, pray what News has ſhe told us? Did we not know, before, that Women have Paſſions, Deſires, and Foibles, as well as Men? Would not a Lecture of Anatomy acquaint us with the ſame Philoſophy! for like Mechaniſm muſt naturally produce the

* Letters CCCLXVI. and CCCLXXIII.

the ſame Effects. When a Parſon preaches againſt the ſinful Luſts of the Fleſh, does he ever make any Diſtinction of Genders? And is not this publiſhing to the whole Congregation the natural Incontinence of Women, as well as Men? Would Women never be attacked, if this Book had never been publiſhed? And is a Woman in greater Danger of being overcome, by having been taught to diſtruſt her own Weakneſs, and to be apprized of the whole Artifice of her Lover, than if ſhe is left ignorant of two Truths, which are abſolutely requiſite for her Defence? By being taught all the Slight of *Fencing*, are we not inſtructed in all the Dexterity of *Parrying*? Go to — You have a Timidity in every Thing. 'Tis a ſafe Character in Women; but Reaſon ſhould correct it ſometimes.

Your Solution of my philoſophic Queſtion, about *Callidon*, is extremely juſt; and the Alluſion of the Moon and Sea has a moſt inexpreſſible poetical Beauty in it.

I am rejoiced to hear that your Health of Body is reſtored, and I hope, at Meeting, to be able to recover that of your Mind.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXVII.

My dearest HARRY,

Wexford.

I Awoke this Morning between Four and Five o'Clock, and found my Mind so filled with the pleasing Expectation of hearing from you, that I either could not, or would not, sleep again, tho' I knew *the Post* could not be here till Eight o'Clock: However, the Time passed agreeably enough 'till *it* arrived, and I confess I was then much disappointed, tho' I received two Letters from you. You seem, as I think, rather displeased, than concerned, at the Misfortune I have met with; which, however lightly you may think of it, had like to have been fatal to me. You very readily undertake the Doctor's Defence, for the pure Pleasure of condemning me; but, indeed, you are, I suppose, for the first Time, mistaken: I never lived so regularly since I had the Pleasure of knowing you, as since I came to *Wexford*; but then, indeed, I drank Chálybeat Waters, and used a great deal of Exercise: But, upon my Word, this Crime was committed by the Doctor's Advice, and with your Concurrence: And I here declare myself intirely innocent of the Consequences.

I find, notwithſtanding your former Arguments to the contrary, that Parental Love is a ſtrong, as well as a natural Affection: But Conjugal Love is of a weaker Kind, and depends much upon Accidents. Not being a Philoſopher, I did not always think as I do now; but Time and Experience make even Fools wiſe. I have *a Paſſion* for confeſſing paſt Follies, and making wiſe Folks ſtare; and, in order to indulge *it*, I do aſſure you, that I was vain enough to imagine, that, on hearing I was ill, you would have come to viſit your Wife at *Wexford*, notwithſtanding you had loſt your Child! Nay, I believe, I went ſo far, in one of the Thirteen Letters I have wrote to you, as to mke it my Requeſt! Is not this amazing? But it is now over, and I am cured of this, and a hundred other romantic Whims, by your Prudence. However, that I may not appear more ridiculous than I really am, I thought it poſſible, that, in ſome of your Journeys, you might be within Half a Day's Ride of this Town, as you deſired me to direct to *Stradbally*, and I have heard that *Carlow* is not above Sixteen Miles from hence; but I may be miſtaken, for indeed I am a bad Geographer. This be aſſured of, that, at any Time, I never wiſhed to ſee you, at the Expence of your ſuffering either Hazard, or Fatigue.

In

In ſeveral of my Letters, I have told you that we ſhould not leave this Place, at leaſt, during this Month; how much longer we may ſtay, I cannot tell. My Letters are luckily of no Conſequence, therefore not worth taking any Trouble to recover; tho', I am convinced, there are none of them loſt. Your not receiving them muſt have been owing to your not fixing your Stages, ſo as to anſwer the Poſt. I addreſſed my two laſt Letters to *Stradbally*, as you deſired; perhaps you may receive them a Month or two hence; but they will keep cold. I beg you may not direct to me by *Roſs*, for I have not quite as much Patience as you, and the Poſt comes from thence but once a Week.

I have begun to drink the Waters again this Day; they have made themſelves very neceſſary to me now; I wiſh they may alſo be ſerviceable. My Head is, at preſent, much diſordered; if I am better Tomorrow, I will write more. 'Till then Adieu!

Saturday Morning. My Head is ſtill *bad*, but I am *better*. I own your laſt Letters vexed me, but I hope your next will make me Amends. Mr. A —— came here laſt Night, on ſome private Buſineſs, to Mr. W——, and went off this Morning very early. I know not the Purport of this Affair; 'tis yet a dead Secret; but will not long be ſo, if I know any Thing of the County of *Kilkenny*. *Oliver* came here this Day; but, whether

whether he is concerned in this Myſtery, I cannot tell; all that I am concerned about, is, that it has not altered our Purpoſe of ſtaying here, which I am heartily ſorry for; indeed I hate this Place ſincerely, and it vexes me to think this may perhaps leſſen the Merit I flatter myſelf with, from longing to ſee my Huſband and Children, ſo ardently.

But I will honeſtly confeſs, I feel myſelf more a Wife, than Mother: My *Tenderneſs* for the dear Babies, is of a later Date; *that*, which you inſpired, was the firſt Impreſſion my Heart was ever ſuſceptible of; and I tremble, leſt my Fondneſs for my Children ſhould be wholly owing to their Father, and appear, in the Sight of God, rather an Exuberance of Conjugal Affection, than the natural and tender Feelings of Maternal Love. I have had many Scruples about loving you too well; indeed we ſhould both be happier if I loved you leſs; and, for your Sake, more than my own, I heartily wiſh I did.—But, alas! it is in vain to ſtrive againſt the Stream, the ſtrong, the natural Current of my Fondneſs, and I will therefore indulge it, and ſubſcribe myſelf, in a violent Hurry, your ſincerely faithful, and affectionate Wife.

Frances.

This is a very inconſiſtent Letter.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

My dearest HARRY,

I Received three Letters from you, by this Day's Post, two of them in the direct Line towards me; which has so raised my Spirits, and confirmed my Health, that the Waters are, from this Moment, become no longer necessary to me; and yet I shall be compelled to remain here these ten Days yet. But that Matter is pretty equal to me; as, by the Route and Stages you mention, I shall quit this, Time enough, to reach *D*——— before you can meet me there.

I am vexed at your shewing my Ode to Mr. ———. The generous Patroness, to whom it was inscribed, tho' her Knowledge and Taste, in polite Writing, may be equal to his, could not be a severe Critic on it. The Shortness of the Interval, between the Favour and the Acknowledgment, with the Distance of Place, might have shewn her Grace, that the Lines must have been struck off *extempore*; for the Return of the Post could only have afforded me an Hour, to write the Ode, and Letter.

Besides, the very Sentiment, which dictated, with the true Feelings it expressed, must have screened it intirely from her Grace's Criticism —

She

She could not depreciate her own Inſpiration.— But, how different the Caſe with regard to others — Not one of all theſe Conſiderations might affect them — Scholars, more eſpecially, I would never ſuffer to ſit in Judgment upon any of my Writings — They have a Way of applying *the Square and Compaſſes* to all Works of Genius. The Schoolmen, as you very juſtly and humourouſly expreſſed it once *, have eſtabliſhed certain Rules, even from the Faults of the Antients, for the Moderns to err by.

If I have any Sort of Merit, in my Writing, 'tis Feeling. And, what an unfeeling Race of Men, are Critics! You are one yourſelf, and full as ſevere as the beſt, or worſt, of them, that was not envious or malicious. But your Sentiment is ſtrong, and your Affections tender. The only Merit, then, of my Writings, catches hold of your Simpathy; and your Partiality and Fondneſs obtain a Prejudice in their Favour. Other Readers have not the ſame Biaſs; and it always diſtreſſes me, whenever you expoſe any of my artleſs Eſſays before them. I have a double Uneaſineſs upon ſuch Occaſions, leſt they ſhould imagine, that either your Taſte, or Judgment, was ſlight; or, that you did it, to gratify a Vanity in me, which you know is not in my Nature.—

I

* Letter CXXXIX. of the Series.

I heartily wiſh it was, for your Sake —I ſhould certainly write the better for it. —The *Weakneſs* of the Author would give *Strength* to the Work. This laſt Sentence is exactly in your own Stile.— I wiſh I could oftener imitate you.

The World has broke in upon me.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER CCCLXXIX.

Dear FANNY,

I Received your Letter about the Ode. You often diſtreſs me on this Subject. I can judge of your Writings as impartially as I can of *Sappho*'s. Your's have all her Tenderneſs, without her Paſſion. I had many Struggles with you about the *Series*; and was obliged to publiſh your Part of the Correſpondence, at laſt, without your Approbation, or even your Conſent. Would any of the ſeveral pretty Things, you have ſince written, have paſſed beyond your Toilet, if I had not forced them into the World? You miſtake it — This is not Modeſty, but Want of Spirit.

You

You write with Eaſe yourſelf, and therefore conclude, that any one elſe could write as well, with as little Trouble. Labour and Genius are as different as Art and Nature. A Perſon of true Taſte will quickly diſtinguiſh between the Performances of each. You put me in Mind of an illiterate Lover, in one of *Moliere*'s Plays, who applied to a Man of Letters, to write ſomething for him on his Miſtreſs.

Would you have it in Verſe, or Proſe?

Why, Verſe is too common — It would certainly be better in Proſe. — But, pray, what is Proſe?

Why, Friend, Proſe is no more than what you are, yourſelf, ſpeaking, at preſent.

Oh *Gemini!* and can I talk Proſe!

Your Poem is truly poetical and elegiac.—The making Gratitude a Muſe — The Imagery, which gives the Metaphor of your Heart, lying at the Bottom of the Font, and viewed thro' the Water flowing from your grateful Tears — And the Oppoſition between *ardent* Prayer, and *Want of Fire*, are really poetical.

This

This Day Week I ſhall have the ſincere Pleaſure of meeting you at ———. I am ſorry I cannot have the ſupplemental one, in the mean Time, of hearing any more from you, on my Stages.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCLXXX.

My deareſt FANNY,

Stradbally.

I Arrived here ſafe, Yeſterday, which is juſt one Third of my Road to you, and would have gone off To-day, but my Servant's Horſe is lame. I muſt leave him here, and have one hired againſt Tomorrow.

Juſt as I had wrote ſo far, the Bell rung for Dinner; and, ſoon after, the Poſt brought an Account of my poor Biſhop's Death *. I am ſincerely affected, and indeed this Criſis may affect me more Ways than in my Concern. He knows now, whether the Arian, or Orthodox Doctrine, is right. God grant him a ſafe Conviction, or a merciful Pardon.

* Dr. Clayton, Biſhop of Clogher, Author of The Eſſay on Spirit.

I have been revolving that Subject a good Deal in my Mind, ſince the Hint that *Browne*'s Sermons gave me; and I am become a perfect Convert to Orthodoxy. The chief, and moſt unanſwerable Argument, that has convinced me, is this: —

Both the Arians, and the eſtabliſhed Church, agree in one great fundamental Point, That the God of *Iſrael*, was the God of *Chriſtians*: That it was the ſame God who inſpired *Moſes*, and the Prophets, that commiſſioned our Saviour, in his human Capacity, and inſpired the Apoſtles. Therefore, whatever God Almighty ſays, in the Old Teſtament, cannot be contradicted by any Thing he ſays in the New.

Now, he has reſtrained all Worſhip to himſelf, in the Tables; "Thou ſhalt have no other "God but me;" By which he has forbid all Manner of Worſhip to a *Creature*; reſerving it to himſelf, as *Creator*. But he has commanded us, in the New Teſtament, to worſhip Chriſt. Therefore, if God be conſiſtent, Chriſt muſt be God, "equal to the Father, as touching his "Godhead, inferior only, in Relation to his "Manhood."

Therefore, the Trinity muſt be but one God, though conſiſting of three Perſons, or Characters. The Manner how, is not comprehenſible, by human Metaphyſicks; but ought to remain an Article of Faith, upon the Authority of Scripture.

I think the Arians have no Way to get the better of this Reaſoning, but by denying the Conſiſtency of the Old and New Teſtament; by which they will prove themſelves to be neither *Jew*, nor *Chriſtian*, and muſt plead Deiſm, to ſcreen themſelves from the Imputation of Atheiſm.

I am, my deareſt Fanny,

Your Orthodox Huſband,

Henry.

LETTER CCCLXXXI.

My dear FANNY,

Carlow.

I HAVE had the Pleaſure of embracing my Child. He is in perfect Health, Spirits, and Tatters. He has only loſt his Handkerchiefs, and Buckles, ſince I left him, laſt; but his Maſter ſays, he has loſt no Time.

I ſhould have been here, laſt Night, but that I happened to meet Mr. ———, at *Athy*, who was coming hither alſo, on the ſame Errand. The Day grew ſickly, and the Clouds ſeemed to have got the Dropſy. I am not to be terrified by

by Threats, and would have come on, Yeſterday, but I had ingaged with him, and he preſſed me to ſtay, ſaying, that the beſt Way of taking Care of the Child, was to take Care of the Father, and that his paternal Affection could forbear, 'till Morning.

However, I believe that the material Difference between us, was, not that I loved my Son better, but that I loved the Mother more. My Affection for my dear Child, *our* dear Child, is made up of two very ſtrong interwoven Attachments—I ſhould love him, upon his own Merits, had I become his Father, *par Hazard*; and I ſhould have been fond of him on your Account, if he had been only my Step-Son: As he is both your's, and mine, What a *Vis unita* muſt I be affected with!

I aſked *Harry*, How his Amour with *Debby*, went on? He told me, he had continued conſtant to her, 'till the other Day, when he ſaw her Mother, who is *ugly enough*, and he was afraid the Daughter would grow like her. He ſaid, that he *has a Mind*, as he phraſed it, to be in Love with one *Kitty Hunt*, at the ſame School, but he will not *kiſs her*, 'till he ſees her Mother. The young Fellow ſets out in Galantry, with nice Honour, who begins already, to look upon *a Kiſs*, as a Contract.

'Tis natural, that Tempers, Paſſions, and Diſpoſitions, ſhould run in Families; but, are Whims and Sentiments alſo in the Blood? I remember my Uncle *H*———, who died when I was a Child, uſed to object to ſeveral of the reigning Toaſts of his Time, becauſe he foreſaw, that they would be homely Women, at ſuch, or ſuch an Age, ſome after the firſt, others after the ſecond Child, *&c.*

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

Dear FANNY,

I LEFT our dear Child, this Morning, much againſt his Will, and my own Inclination. He got a little Stick in his Hand, and ſtood brandiſhing it, like a Prize-Fighter, before the Door, to keep me in, 'till my Servant came behind, and caught him up in his Arms. However, tho' a Priſoner, he inſiſted on a Parley, and I was forced, charming Neceſſity! to paſs *Parole*, to return in ten Days. When I had rode a Mile from the Town, the *Storgé* affected me ſo ſtrongly, that

that nothing but the Fear of ſpoiling an excellent Nature, by Indulgence, prevented me from turning back again; for I was not, myſelf, aſhamed of the "graceful Weakneſs of my Heart." In ſhort, I never, in my Life, felt ſuch a Senſation, except in the Conviction of your Love; and it was the natural Connection of thoſe two Ideas, that raiſed my Tranſport ſo high. I felt for him, as *my* Son, and then reflected on him, as *your*'s.

It occurs to me, at this Inſtant, that I have ſaid ſomething of this Kind, to you, in my laſt Letter — No Matter — Fondneſs, like Dotage, is apt to repeat.

I dined To-day at Mr. ———'s. He is grown a mere Old Woman. I am now retired to a Young One. Don't be alarmed — I mean yourſelf.

Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

Dear FANNY,

I WAS flattered with your Letter — Not only with the Subſtance of it, but the ſending of it. I am a Papiſt in Love, and Works of Supererrogation, are Part of my Religion.

The *Debenture* is intirely your own. — 'Tis a *Latin* Word that means, only what is one's *Due*. I am ſorry I had not the whole Treaſury, to preſent to you: I ſhould not have thought it more.

I am glad to hear that *Fançhon* is well. I apprehended, from your Note, this Morning, that you had received no other Letter, but *Arthur's*.

I did not mean to make any Reflections, upon Mr. ———'s galant Sentiments toward you; but on the Sport of his Wit, only: A late Play of Imagination, like a ſecond Spring, in Autumn, or in Age, forces Nature too much.

My Compliments to Mrs. and Mr. ———. *Tom*, and his Wife, return their ſincereſt Compliments to you: And believe me to be, my dear *Fanny*'s faithful and affectionate Huſband.

Henry.

P. S.

P. S. Captain A—— has *taken the Law* of my poor Landlord, here, and diſtreſſes him, frequently. The Law, I mean, is that of *Hoſpitality*, which obliges every Country Gentleman, to keep open Houſe, for all Kind of Gueſts, and leaves them not the Privilege, either of chuſing their own Company, or of chuſing their own Time. What a terrible Thing it is to lie at the Mercy of a whole Neighbourhood. *Momus* very juſtly found Fault with the Conſtruction of a Houſe, becauſe it had no Wheels, to be moved by, when the Situation became uneaſy.

LETTER CCCLXXXIV.

My dear FANNY,

I HAD the Pleaſure, and Pain of your Letter. I was glad to hear from you, but ſorry to hear you have a Return of your Diſorder, However, even this Misfortune, and your Poverty, together, which you alſo complain of, do not, jointly, make me pity you ſo much, as the mean Manners, and beggarly Malice, which you are daily ſubject to, in the ſtupid Scene which you are, at preſent, ſtationed.

The Paſſage you quote from *Cateſby*'s Letters, very ſenſibly affected me. It is your Situation and mine, exactly. Your Senſe, your Principle, and your Taſte, are thrown away upon the *Deaf Adder*; and the very Seeds of them all, ſtifled in the Growth, or buried, like a bad Ploughman's Grain, by the *Clods of Earth* that are laid over them. I will return to you, next Sunday, and promiſe you, that I will not leave you a Prey to ſuch mean Malice, again, while there is an hoſpitable Roof in the Kingdom, or a Cabbin whoſe Thatch can keep out the Rain.

Your

Your Sentiment, about Time, *&c.* is extremely pretty; and I am rejoiced that I have led you into a Turn of this Sort — 'Tis amuſing, and improving, alſo. There is not any Thing, of this Kind, in all your Writings, which, though perfectly elegant, are rather *rounded*, than *pointed*. I always thought you capable of a Wit, of this Kind, in which my Writings rather too much abound; and the few Apothems, you have lately written, ſhew me that I was not miſtaken, in my Judgment upon you. In Return, I ſhall ſend you one, which the firſt Subject of this Letter, has juſt now given Riſe to. —

Malice, like a tainted Breath, affects thoſe who utter it, more than the Perſon it is breathed againſt.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

Dear HARRY,

I DO not recollect any Æra of my Life, when my Spirits were more thoroughly ſunk, than now. — You are away, and I in Fear for your Health — Miſs B—— goes this Evening, in whom alone I had any Society, in your Abſence — Even Mrs. ——— is gone; and I, alas! am left, the wretched, forlorn Hope. Why this is ſo, I know not; but too ſure I feel it is ſo! For God's Sake, find out ſome Expedient, to free me from a Station ſo irkſome, to mine, and every generous Nature, as Dependance; or elſe join with me, in wiſhing a quick Period to Life, and Miſery.

I know you will be diſpleaſed, at what I've ſaid; perhaps may call it the Effect of Ill-Temper, and Impatience: But indeed, my deareſt *Harry*, I cannot help it. — "Year after Year, "has worn away the Hope, but undiminiſhed "ſtill left the Deſire," of Peace, of Happineſs, of Freedom. Oh! when ſhall I enjoy them? You, and you only, can aſſwage the Storm that rages in my Boſom."

"Thou, my Soul's Joy! whate'er my Sorrows be,
"They ceaſe, or vaniſh, when beholding thee!

I am

I am afraid I have ſaid too much; I beg of *God*, and you, to forgive me: *He* ſees my Heart, and knows 'tis almoſt breaking; and will, I hope, excuſe its Weakneſs. I ſhall not deſire you to haſte to me, for it would be cruel to ſuppoſe, that you would ſtay one Hour, that you could avoid.

I can write no more; my Tears flow faſter than my Ink, and my Heart moves much quicker than my Hand.

Adieu! my Life: I beſeech God to protect, and ſend you ſafe to your ever faithful and affectionate Wife.

Frances.

P. S. Pray don't be angry with me: Or, if you are, look on my little mild Maid; and ſhe will ſoften your Reſentment, into Tenderneſs, and Pity.—Kiſs her, and bleſs her, for me.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

Dear FANNY,

I Happened to be at the Window, when the Bearer rode by.—I fell a trembling, with Surprize and Apprehenſion, about you.—I never was affected ſo before.—Am I grown a Coward? Or, was it the Horſe, and Livery, that raiſed the charming Idea of red, and white, the Lilly bluſhing with the Roſe, *&c.* and ſet my Heart a flirting again?

I am ſhocked at the mean, ſcoundrel, Behaviour of Mr. P——. The Baſeneſs of Mankind, is amazing! A Perſon, of the leaſt Virtue, cannot avoid turning Miſanthrope. I condemned the Satire of *Swift*, in his Yahoo's—I was young when I firſt read it—But each Year's Experience makes me approve his Juſtice. Why was *Caligula* deeemed a Fool? His making one of his Horſes a Conſul, and another a Prieſt, might be but a juſt Satire upon Mankind, both Lay and Clergy, whom he lumped together.

It gives me great Satisfaction, your ſaying that Mr. ——— behaved with great Temper, and Reſolution, upon this Occaſion. I think he is, of late, obtaining a Sort of Firmneſs, that pleaſes me, becauſe it will prevent his Misfortunes from having any Effect, either upon his Mind,

Mind, or Conſtitution. The Vileneſs of this laſt Act muſt ſurely ſtrengthen him; and a Gallon of Tar-Water, with a Jill of Philoſophy, will confirm him whole.

Pray make my ſincere Compliments to him. I ſhall ſay nothing on this Occaſion; but, on this, and all future ones of the ſame Kind, I ſhall refer him to a Letter, I wrote to him, laſt Year, upon the *Kilcullen* Bridge Accident.

I ſhall certainly, pleaſe God, dine with you on Sunday next. I forgot the Difference of Hours, when I ſaid *dine*; for I can't be with you 'till about Half an Hour after Three.—Don't wait for me; you know how careleſs I am about that Matter. I ſhould be glad to have ſome Horſe to meet me at ———, or thereabouts, to eaſe my Mare, and myſelf too; eſpecially of my Great-Coat.

Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXXVII. *

NEED I tell my deareſt Life, with what unfeigned Pleaſure I ſhould accept his Invitation, were it in my Power to undertake ſuch a Journey, without the immediate Hazard of my own Life, and one far dearer to me! Surely, my dear *Harry* has forgot my being forbid to go even three Miles, at a Time, in a Hackney-Coach: The leaſt Exerciſe fills me with ſuch violent Pains, as almoſt diſtract me. I have not been able to turn myſelf in Bed, without the utmoſt Difficulty, theſe ten Days; and have been obliged to take Opiates, to make me ſleep, for ſeveral Nights paſt. The Want of my Reſt has reduced me to the loweſt Degree of Weakneſs imaginable: Beſides, thoſe, who know more of the Matter than I, think I ſhall not hold up above three Weeks, at fartheſt. But, why do I go on aſſigning Reaſons for declining what would afford me the higheſt Tranſport, when my not accepting it, too fully proves my Want of Power, not Will? I cannot help thinking I have ſuffered infinitely more

* The Six Letters *enſuite* were printed in the Firſt Edition of The *Series*; but, having been left out in digeſting the Second Edition, with which theſe Volumes are deſigned to conſort, the Editor has thought proper to inſert them here, in order to render the Four Volumes compleat.

more, than the Generality of People, in my Condition: Be that as it will, I know my Strength and Spirits are quite exhauſted; and I am more than half perſuaded, that we ſhall never meet again on Earth — In Heaven, I am ſure, we ſhall; for, in thy Sight alone, I can be bleſſed!— Something too much of this.—

There is an extreme pretty Poem come out, called *Elfrida*. If you will allow yourſelf an Hour's Leiſure, to read it, I will ſend it to you. I have received much melancholy Pleaſure from it.

Your Picture is come home, and is almoſt my only Companion: I talk to it frequently; but, alas! it does not anſwer. I find myſelf diſappointed, and turn from it to your Letters: They, indeed, afford me a more ſenſible Satisfaction; they tell me of your Health, your Love, and Conſtancy. Thus do I divide my Time, as it were, between the Shade and Subſtance. I begin to regret my not having had *my Picture* drawn ſome Months ago; for, tho' I do not wiſh you ſhould lament me, if I die, I do not wiſh you ſhould entirely forget me; and *that* would juſt furniſh a bare Remembrance, unattended with Pain, or Pleaſure.

I am, my deareſt *Harry*, very faithfully and affectionately your's.

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

My dear HARRY,

AS I was ſitting down to write, about three Hours ago, I was taken ſo ill, I feared I ſhould not be able to hold the Pen, this Day. I have got a little Eaſe, and ſhall employ the happy Interval, in acknowledging your Letters. I have already declared my Incapacity of accepting the Pleaſure you deſigned me. I am glad to find your mature Conſideration approves my *pleaded Reaſon*. I ſhall ſay no more on the Subject, but that I am in a very diſagreeable Way, oppreſſed with continual Pains, Weakneſs, and low Spirits.

As to your coming to me, take my Word, I was never more in earneſt, than when I deſired you to conſult your own Intereſt, rather than my Inclination; nor did I mean to upbraid your Want of Tenderneſs, when I ſuppoſed you might not come. I do not, indeed I do not, doubt your Love:

" My Mind nor pines with fickly Jealouſy,
" Nor triumphs in Security and Eaſe:
" Who loves, muſt fear; and ſure who loves,
" like me,
" Muſt greatly fear."

I have taken much Pains, to render Life indifferent to me: I have accompliſhed it: I neither wiſh to live, or die. If I were thoroughly perſuaded I ſhould not recover, I would inſiſt on your not coming near me; for I am convinced there is a vaſt Difference in the Senſations, which ariſe from being preſent, or abſent, at the Death of any one we love: But, as I cannot be certain, in this Point, I leave the Matter entirely to your Diſcretion; and be aſſured, I will not be offended, if you ſhould determine on ſtaying where you are.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

Dear FANNY,

AS you have condeſcended to be my Pupil, I ſhall recommend the Courſe of Reading I ſhould chuſe for you; and, to lead the Way, have here ſent you one of my former Letters to you upon this Subject. I beg you will ſeriouſly conſider, how ſtrongly I have there recommended thoſe Tracts referred to, with other Writings of this Kind; and that you will carefully and leiſurely read them regularly through, with that ſober Senſe, and rational Reflection, which is neceſſary to give you the full Benefit of ſuch a Study. For, as *Young* ſays,

" Unleſs for ſome peculiar End deſign'd,
" Learning's the ſpecious Trifling of the Mind."

To ſettle the Courſe of Study is but Half the Work; the Method of reading is what compleats the Scheme. He, who reads moſt, ſtudies leaſt; for it is with the Mind, as with the Stomach; where not the Food it ſwallows, but the Digeſtion it performs, turns that to Nouriſhment, which would otherwiſe be a Poiſon. Therefore I would recommend to you, never to take a Book in one Hand, without a Pen in the other: And

And I expect your ſenſible Remarks, and philoſophical Reflections, of which indeed you are very capable, upon every one of the Papers, I have quoted for you, in the incloſed Letter; and, by the Time you have gone regularly thro' them, I hope to point out ſomething farther for you, in our mutually deſired Converſation together.

You talk, in a ſplenetic Way, in your Letter, of dying, *&c.* Now I will not ſcold you again, for the hundredth Time; becauſe I am very ſure, if you could avoid it, you would, when you know how often it has diſobliged, and diſpleaſed me. I am indeed ſincerely concerned at your ill State of Health, at preſent; and as much ſo, that you will not exert that Strength of Mind, which you may find yourſelf Miſtreſs of, if you will but take a little Pains to try. Indeed, my dear *Fanny*, you are capable of being a cleverer Creature, than you ſometimes appear to be; and I own it vexes me, when I ſee you, at any Time, fall below your own Senſe and Virtue, which I am always rouzing you to, as there needs nothing more to make you perfect.

I am ſorry, but not angry: I am remonſtrating, not ſcolding.

Adieu! my ſpoiled Pet.

LETTER

LETTER CCCXC.

My deareſt HARRY,

THOUGH I make no Doubt but your good Senſe and Philoſophy will prevent your being uneaſy, from the Account you received of my Illneſs; yet I think it my Duty to inform you, that I am better than when you heard laſt. I believe few People ever ſuffered more, in the Time, than I did, from *Tueſday* Noon, to the ſame Hour on *Wedneſday*: But I make no Account of all I have endured, ſince it has pleaſed the Almighty, to ſpare the dear Life, which I am infinitely more anxious for than my own. I hope ſtill to preſerve it; and am determined rather to ſacrifice myſelf, than it. I have four of your Letters before me; but cannot pretend to anſwer any of them. I write in Bed, and can hardly ſee.

You ſay, I talk of dying, in a ſplenetic Way. You are miſtaken, *Harry*; Death has as few Terrors for me, as for moſt People. I talked of his Approach, as a Thing expected, but not feared: If I betrayed any Weakneſs, it muſt have been from the Thoughts of parting with you, not Life; for indeed I have as little Reaſon to be fond of a painful Exiſtence, as you have to be "diſpleaſed, and diſobliged," at my being

being concerned for our preſent, or future Separation. I am of Opinion, that it is Strength of Body, not Mind, I want, to render me agreeable to you: If I were a Foot taller, and proportionably robuſt, I ſhould be a cleverer Perſon than I am; but ſince "we cannot, by taking Thought, "add one Cubit to our Stature," it is in vain to complain of my ſmall Size, or Want of Strength, or Spirits.

I ſhall not mention your Coming any more. I have already ſpoke my Sentiments. Your own Diſcretion be your Guide.

Adieu! my dear Stoic! May I, if I live, be able to acquire the Strength you wiſh me poſſeſſed of! Or, may you, in ſome Degree, become more indulgent, as better uſed to my Weakneſs, and Deficiencies, both of Mind and Body.

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCXCI.

My dearest FANNY,

WHEN I challenged you, upon your talking of Death, I did not mean, that you spoke of it in such a splenetic Way, as betrayed a Fear of dying. I was rather apprehensive, that you mentioned it in a Manner, which shewed no Sort of Concern about the Matter; and pardon me, my best and latest Hope, if this should naturally alarm both my Fears and Jealousy. You sometimes unkindly take me to Pieces, and I am not Beauty enough to stand such a Scrutiny. If you would fairly lump me altogether, I flatter myself you would have Reason to be better satisfied with me. Thought, as you say, will not enlarge our Size; but a very little Reflection is capable of giving us higher Advantages, in a better Way, than the Stature of *Typhon* could boast.

I never speak roughly to you, but out of my extreme Tenderness for you; and, when I said it was in your Power to be a cleverer Person than you were, I must have been miserably misunderstood, to have this construed into an Affront. As for the Philosophy, you seem

to

to reproach me with, I do not ſee how I can ever prove its Virtue with regard to you; for your Behaviour, I am certain, will never try its Temper, and your Danger would be too ſtrong for its Reſolution.

Adieu! my Heart's Life.

Henry.

LETTER CCCXCII.

BELIEVE me, my ever-dear, my much-loved *Harry*, when I tell you, that my talking of Death need not alarm your Jealouſy; for I ſolemnly declare, I find nothing dreadful in the Thoughts of his Approach, but the too tender Concern I feel at parting with you. If this be a Crime, I confeſs my Guilt: But let it be a Conſolation to you, as well as to me, that I am not conſcious of any other unrepented Sin; but find my Soul filled with a ſtedfaſt Hope, that, thro' the Merits of my Redeemer, I ſhall be happy. Now let the Reſignation with which I bear the preſent Pains inflicted on me, and the Calmneſs with which I expect thoſe that are to come, bear Witneſs to my Love for thee; ſince that alone enables me to ſupport the preſent, and expect the future, without even wiſhing for that

certain

certain Relief, which Death affords to human Miſery. Nay, I will go farther yet, and ſay, I wiſh to live, from the dear Hope, that my Life is, and may be, of Moment to thy Happineſs. But, in this, and every Thing, let us endeavour at a perfect Reſignation to the Diſpenſations of the Almighty; and ſay, with Truth and Chearfulneſs, his Will, not our's, be done!

Be aſſured, my charming *tout enſemble*, you cannot be hurt by what you call, "my taking you "to Pieces." You are perfect enough to ſtand a much nicer Scrutiny than I am capable of making. But indeed you miſapprehend me, when you ſuſpect me of intending any ſuch Matter. It is more than I can do, to defend myſelf; nor had I ever the leaſt Deſign of finding Fault with you.

You ſometimes accuſe me of Weakneſs, which I am actually guilty of, but cannot help. I am mortified at your ſeeming to expect I ſhould be perfect, when I ſet up for nothing more than a mere, ſimple, mortal Woman: Of Courſe, I endeavour to lay the Fault on Nature, rather than Will: And indeed I am convinced, that Conſtitution has a greater Share in our Virtues and Vices, than we are willing to allow; and that a ſtrong Frame of Body is a great Help to the Mind. We have had frequent Inſtances of Perſons, poſſeſſed of the greateſt Fortitude, becoming miſerably puſillanimous, when the animal Spirits were

were oppreſſed by Pain, Age, or Sickneſs. The Duke of *Marlborough*, in the latter Part of his Life, uſed to cry, like a ſick Girl, if he loſt a Game at Picquet, and ſay, *that every one could beat him then:*

" Did this become
" Whom Armies follow'd, and a People lov'd?"

Yet ſure it would have been the utmoſt Cruelty to have reproached him for this Weakneſs; or, from thence, to have thrown any Reflection on that noble Spirit he formerly poſſeſſed. In ſhort, my dear *Harry*, it is my Opinion, that Providence, to moderate the Pride of Man, has made the Faculties of the Mind depend more on the Formation of the Body, than we are aware of: At leaſt, I am willing to think ſo, as it naturally accounts for my Want of Reſolution and Strength of Mind, beſides an hundred and fifty other Failings I am incident to.

Adieu! my firſt, my beſt, my only Wiſh, and Hope! May you ever retain that Philoſophy which I admire, not reproach, you for; and may I never furniſh you with Trials, which may prove its Virtue, or exhauſt its Strength.

I am, and ever ſhall be, in Sickneſs, or in Health, truly and affectionately your's.

Frances.

LETTER CCCXCIII.

My dear HARRY,

I DID not receive a Letter from you by laſt Poſt; which, I dare ſay, has given as much Joy to Mrs ——, as Pain to me. Is it not an extraordinary Thing, that, labouring as we are under numberleſs Difficulties, we ſhould yet become Objects of Envy? This poor, poor Woman, bleſſed with Youth, Beauty, Fortune, Rank, and a fond Huſband, repines, like *Nero*, at what, I am afraid, ſhe too juſtly calls, our *uncommon* Felicity.

She would fain perſuade herſelf, that we are not ſincere in that elegant Tenderneſs which ſubſiſts between us; and frequently ſays, ſhe ſhould be jealous of a Huſband, that treated her with that Politeneſs, which you have ever ſhewn towards me. Her Taſte is truly *Ruſſian* on many Subjects.

I have helped her, in ſome Meaſure, to account for this extraordinary Phœnomenon, merely to abate her Uneaſineſs, by telling her, that frequent Abſences encreaſe our Fondneſs, which might otherwiſe, perhaps, degenerate into the beaten Track, which moſt married People limp through, heavily enough, God knows.

"Short Abſence urges ſweet Return."

This has, in ſome Degree, quieted her perturbed Spirit: But then our conſtant Correſpondence is another ſtumbling Block — three Times a Week! What can we find to ſay? When ſhe was at *Bath*, ſhe never wrote but one Letter to her Huſband, in three Months. — We muſt certainly write out of Books; for ſhe believes ſhe loves Mr. ———, as well as I do you.

I have too much Humanity to try to undeceive her — There are ſome Errors, which conduce to one's Happineſs; and it is cruel to make us wiſe, at the Expence of our Felicity. Alas! ſhe little knows the real Tranſport there is, in ſuffering for, or with, the Object that we love. Could ſhe conceive it, ſhe would cry out, with *Alonzo*, in the Revenge, "By Heaven, I envy them their Agonies."

But, enough of her, and her ſordid Paſſion. I will ſtrive not to be alarmed at your Silence; as there are frequent Miſtakes made in Croſs-Poſts; which, without a Pun, are ſo to me.

You ſee, my Love, what inſipid Stuff I write, when I am deprived of my beſt Inſpirers, your dear Letters. Like the famed *Dodonian* Grove, I breathe but empty Murmurs, 'till my *Apollo* comes: But I will not preſume to ſay, that even

you can make me ſpeak like an Oracle. *Je badine pour paſſer le temps. Je ſuis, au pied de lettre, toute a vous.*

Frances.

LETTER CCCXCIV.

My dear FANNY,

I Arrived here, Yeſterday, and threw the whole Family into Hurry and Flutter, at my Approach to the Door— B——— leaped over Waſhing-Tubs, and Brewing-Pans, to take my Hand and my Horſe;— Mr.——— ſhook my Arm out of the Socket;— Miſs —— tumbled down Stairs, and ſprained her Ancle;— and B. R—— ope'd wide her Arms, and never-ſhutting Jaws, to embrace me.

They all made many friendly Inquiries about you. Mr. —— ſpeaks of you with both Love, and Eſteem; and the reſt ſeem to *look up at* you, as of an higher Order of Intelligence.

I came from ———, Yeſterday. — Our Friend is in very great Difficulties, at preſent; Diſtreſſes of various Kinds — I am to perform many Acts of Service and Friendſhip, for him, in his Affairs— He always applies to me, upon all Difficulties

ties of his own; but never thinks of me in any of mine. — This is having Friends *a bon marché*, with a Witneſs.

While I was there, an odd Thing happened in the Town — *A Man died for Shame!* The Expreſſion, I have often heard of; but the Fact never before — He was a Shoemaker, and in very good Circumſtances — His Wife died lately, and was buried *of Courſe*; as it was a *Chriſtian* Country — The diſconſolate Huſband followed her Bier, but, all the Way he went, overheard the People crying out *Shame*, at the Meanneſs of the Funeral Attire — For a Perſon of his Subſtance — For a Tradeſman of his Cuſtom — For ſo good and induſtrious a Wife — For a Widower, who was young enough to marry again, *&c.*

This had an Effect upon the poor Man's Spirits — When he appeared in his Shop the next Day, he fancied every one, who looked at him, was reproaching him in his Mind — He fell ill, took his Bed, confeſſed the Cauſe of his Diſorder, died, and was buried in the ſame Grave, with his Wife, the very Day Se'nnight after her Interment.

What a capricious Machine is Man! Subject to Accidents, which never affect a Brute, or a Clock! And, what a Death for an *Iriſhman*, too!

I don't expect that this Letter, or even my former, will overtake you in *Corke*; but I don't know, at preſent, where elſe to direct; and Pen, Ink, Paper, and good Wiſhes, are not thrown away; for the fond Intent o'erpays me, tho' they ſhould never reach you. I don't think that I am in the leaſt Danger of *dying for Shame*.

Adieu! my Life.

Henry.

LETTER CCCXCV.

My dear FANNY,

MR. and Mrs. ——— were much diſappointed at miſſing the Pleaſure of all your Company, here, Yeſterday.—You muſt have gone a longer, and a worſe Road, Home: But this, I am ſure, Mrs. *W*—— choſe, rather than accept of our Friend's genteel Invitation, meerly becauſe ſhe is not acquainted with her.

I gueſſed this Matter beforehand; which ſaved me a Diſappointment. Women ſeem to be naturally afra d of each other, and it requires certain Preliminaries, Forms, and Guaranties, to bring any two of them together. They would ſooner face ten Men, than one of their own Sex.

Why

Why are you ſo much more encumbered with Ceremonies than me? One would fancy that ye were Brittle-Ware, in Sooth, that the World has taken Care to ſurround you with ſo many Out-Works—Or, as ſome of the Antients ſaid, that no two *Soothſayers* could ever meet without laughing, perhaps there may be ſome *Sex* Secret, or *bona Dea* Myſtery, among ye, that makes ye ſo ſhy of one another.

Councellor ——— dined here, Yeſterday; and ſuch a Meanneſs of Behaviour I never met with before, in any Perſon who appeared under the Character of a Gentleman—It was 'Squire *G*———, and 'Squire *G*———, at every Word, bowing and fawning, all the while, like a Servant come to be hired—Yet he is of a good Family, has had a collegiate Education, and in the Practice of a liberal Profeſſion— But there is a Poorneſs of Spirit, and Demeanour, in ſome People, which is not to be accounted for, but by ſuſpecting that ſome Mothers muſt have been too familiar with their Footmen.

I ſhall ſtay here a Day or two longer, and then ſurrender myſelf to my Duty and Affections, together, united in you.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCXCVI.

Dear FANNY,

ARTHUR and I are *Pylades* and *Oreſtes* here, at preſent, the high-ſpirited *Hermione* away. — I ſhewed him your Letter, where you expreſs ſuch Aſtoniſhment at Mrs. *S*——'s Baſeneſs and Ingratitude — We agreed that your own Virtue keeps you ſtill a Child, and ſuffers you to be continually ſurprized at every new Inſtance of Vice you hear of, or meet with, in the World. But this Wonder, believe me, will gradually leſſen as your Experience and Commerce with Mankind increaſe.

All young People, I think ſo, ſet out in Life, with Good-Nature, Generoſity, and Benevolence — With a Ray, at leaſt, from the whole Conſtellation of Virtues — But, in their Paſſage thro' the World, they meet with ſuch frequent Inſtances of Baſeneſs, Diſhoneſty, and Perfidy, that, like *Brutus*, they are, at length, brought almoſt to think Virtue itſelf but a Name; and, if not ſtrongly imbued with Religion, grow lukewarm in its Practice; or are tempted, like Dupes at Play, to deal back again, upon others, thoſe Deceits and Frauds, which they have themſelves been bubbled by.

A ſevere Moraliſt, being once aſked, Who was the greateſt Knave in the Kingdom? replied, I'll tell you that, when I have found out the Name of the oldeſt Man. This is a ſhocking View of human Nature—But there are Exceptions—Many, I hope—Some I know—God preſerve us both in the Number!

I ſhall ſend you the *Spa* Water by Tomorrow's Stage, as you deſire; but pray believe me that this is the firſt Notice I had of your Requeſt. 'Tis poſſible that you might have mentioned ſomething of it before I came up; but you know I am no Babler, and never carry Converſations out of the Room; ſo that, unleſs I take down *Memorandums* of Commiſſions, they become, as Captain *H*——— expreſſed it once, by a lucky *ſlip-ſlop* Phraſe, *Remorandums*, and I ſeldom execute any of them.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCXCVII.

Dear FANNY,

I SENT you, laſt Poſt, Mr. ——'s Anſwer to me, upon my late Requeſt. I ſend you, now, my Anſwer to his Letter, to ſhew you my Manner of Acting, in all Matters of this Kind. This, and higher Inſtances of Philoſophy, have I been always capable of, and frequently practiſed in, without pretending to greater Virtue, or Heroiſm, than other People. —The Receipt is eaſy— 'Tis only to ſtop our Ears to Jealouſy, and Self-Intereſt, and open our Eyes to the impartial Dictates of common Senſe.

Upon ſuch an Occaſion as this, one ſhould naturally ſoliloquy themſelves thus — "*George* "has not drank more of my Wine, than I have "done of his, nor does he owe me an Obligation "of any other Kind. Why then ought I to ex-"pect that he ſhould run any Manner of Riſque "to ſerve me? Had he refuſed the ſame Requeſt "to any other Perſon, in the ſame Circumſtances, "I ſhould approve his Prudence. Let me, then, "diveſt me of *Self*, and commend him, as juſtly, "in my own Caſe."

You

You ſee I have preſerved the Spirit of theſe Reflections, in the incloſed Letter; and it was but fair that I ſhould endeavour to reconcile his Behaviour to his own Mind; as the Uneaſineſs which, I dare ſay, he felt upon the Refuſal, was owing to the Unreaſonableneſs of my making him an improper Requeſt.

If People would but think a little in this temperate and rational Way, upon many Occaſions in Life, moſt of the Murmurings and Jealouſies among Friends, Neighbours, and Relations, would ſoon ſubſide. A Criminal, under Sentence, laments his Fate, without Reſentment againſt the Jury who have condemned him to ſuffer, conformably to Juſtice. And ſhall Men become more unreaſonable, upon leſs ſevere Trials?

This Turn of Thought has been very uſeful to me, by preſerving my Good-Humour to the World, ever ſince a little Experience had worn out the Romance of Friendſhip, and juvenile Benevolence, which my whole Soul was early fraught with. Happy, indeed, would it have been for me, if I could have, ever ſince, diveſted myſelf of thoſe early Prejudices, as well as I have been able to do of my Expectations of meeting with them in others. The ſole Misfortunes of my Life have been owing to my having entered into Engagements for other People. And, yet, I do not repent it; for that,

that, indeed, more properly belongs to them. There was a Spirit of Honour and Generoſity, and, in one Inſtance, a Sort of moral Obligation, inducing me to theſe Acts, which ſerves to ſupport my Mind under the heavy Preſſures they have occaſioned. And, tho' I have met with moſt ungrateful Returns from each of the Parties, I will not cancel the Merit of my Behaviour, by even wiſhing that I had acted otherwiſe. I ſhall wait, with Patience and Reſignation, to have my friendly and benevolent Affections rewarded in another Life, for this is no World for it, ſincerely hoping, that their Ingratitude and Unworthineſs may be forgiven them in the ſame Place.

LETTER

LETTER CCCXCVIII.

My dear HARRY,

I Received your truly philoſophical Letter, and am charmed with it, as well as with the Copy of the other, you were ſo kind to take the Trouble of ſending me. I cannot tell which Part of your Sentiment to commend moſt; therefore ſhall only obſerve, that your Humanity, in endeavouring to reconcile Mr. ——'s Refuſal to himſelf, is a truly eaſtern Refinement upon Morals.—'Tis in the very Strain of ſome of the little Novels that *Pere du Halde* gives us from among the *Chineſe* Writings.

This Stroke in your Character will not be credited in the next Age; and, if I did not know the Writer, I ſhould be apt, myſelf, to imagine I was reading a Compoſition of antient Ethics, 'till I recollected, that the moſt ſpeculative and enlightened Philoſophy never carried the Delicacy of Sentiment to ſuch an Height.

I am, ſometimes, diſtreſſed at anſwering your Letters upon ſuch generous Subjects. — I am aſhamed not to remark upon them, leſt it might look as if I was not ſenſible of them: And yet I am afraid to ingage in them, leſt my not being able to expreſs myſelf heroically, might be imputed to my Want of Warmth, or Feeling, upon ſuch

ſuch Topics. But, in Truth, my *Harry*, the only Sentiments, which I am naturally capable of expreſſing, are thoſe of Love, of Tenderneſs, and Pity. You have, indeed, taught me to ſoar, with Pleaſure, along with you, into the ſublimeſt Regions of Philoſophic Virtue: But, then, you have never yet been kind enough to ſupply me with a Quill from your own Pinions, to deſcribe my Admiration, and equal Approbation, of ſuch cœleſtial Viſion.

I have got rather too high, here, as *L'Enclos* ſays, How ſhall I deſcend? But I don't deſcend, from the Height of Happineſs, at leaſt, by ſubſcribing myſelf, my dear *Harry*'s truly affectionate Wife.

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCXCIX.

Dear FANNY,

I WAS afraid, from *Tom*'s enigmatical Letter, that there was ſomething amiſs in his Office. You may ſee, by the incloſed, that his Employment has been in Danger. How lucky was it, that my worthy and agreeable Friend happened to be in the Way to ſave him!

I hear that *your* Poet, ———, is coming over to be preferred among us—But, why ſhould we rejoice? We ſhall have no more of him, than if he remained in *England*—Know him only by his Writings—If he would deign to write in *Bæotia*—We ſhould rather pity him, for being exiled from a Land of *Liberty*, and *Letters*.

I muſt not ſtir one Step farther, I know, 'till I have explained this laſt Expreſſion, to my little *Dimock*, of *Ireland:* But I ſpeak only of our Misfortune, not our Reproach. Can a Country be ſtiled *free*, that can neither coin Money, nor *make* Laws for itſelf? Much leſs, I am ſure, can a Nation pretend to the leaſt Shadow of Liberty, that is reſtrained in its Trade—The natural Privileges of Mankind, becauſe for the mutual Advantage of the whole, denied us! And, as for *Letters*, Genius always lies dormant, 'till roufed by a liberal Patronage.

I ſend you a *Bout-Rimé*; the Occaſion of which, was this :—Mr.——— ſhewed me a Lampoon, of his Writing, upon the late abſurd Story of ———. He begged I would correct it—But it was incorrigible—So very bad, that I really believe it would have been denied an Edition, even at the *Rein-Deer*, in *Montrath-Street*.* I might have given him the ſame Anſwer, that an Hackney Coachman once did to *Pope*; but I cannot ſay a rude Thing, for all the Wit or Humour in the World, even if they were my own; ſo I amuſed him with pretending that I had ſome Thoughts of writing a Ballad, upon the ſame Subject, myſelf. I then took up the Pen, and extemporized theſe Chinks, with ſuch a Luckineſs, that they ſeem to chime out the very Satire here intended, full as well, at leaſt, as *Turn again* Whittington—Here I bar the Alluſion of *ſo the Bell clinketh.*

The marking out a Subject, and the Vein it is to be traced in, by the Rhimes alone, is a vaſt Improvement to the *Bout-Rimé*. It was really nothing, before; but this Addreſs almoſt brings it up to the Genus of Wit; and, as it is a new Species of it, and intirely of my own Invention, I claim the Right of Denomination, and ſhall ſtile it *Verbum Sapienti*, or *a Word to the Wiſe*.

* Where Ballads, Elegies, and laſt dying Speeches, are printed.

Lampoons,

Lampoons upon a weak, or Satires againſt a wicked, Adminiſtration, might be ſafely written, in this Way, and would puzzle the Lawyers, to point out the *Treaſon*.

Uncommon Thoughts afford great Entertainment to the Mind: But they are equally the Amuſement of Wits, and Madmen: And, who ſhall be able to diſtinguiſh in what is common to both?

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCC.

Dear FANNY,

MOST excellent Weather, you have left us, to conſole ourſelves with, for your Abſence! A poetical Lover, as they all are, might almoſt literally tell his Miſtreſs now, that the Air weeps her Loſs; that the Sun hides its Face for Grief; and the Winds groan her Departure—How came I never to ſay ſuch *pretty Things* to you? I am afraid that the charming Month of *October* has forfeited its Charter—Perhaps it may be as bad, when you return; but

but then I ſhall not be dull enough to take Notice of it.—You ſee I could ſay *pretty Things*, if I pleaſed.

This very Minute, in fit Weather for ſuch a Meſſenger, your Expreſs arrived: But all that affects me, upon this Occaſion, are your too timid Apprehenſions. I defy all the Malice of the World, unleſs you, alſo, enter into Combination againſt me. Your Alarms are the only Alliance that can make the other formidable. I have no Fears but your's alone. When I gave you my Heart, I thought I had given you its Courage, too. I ſhall take it back again, if you make a Coward of it. You are the only unguarded Paſs, thro' which Misfortune can attack me with Succeſs. I am Man enough for my own Unhappineſs; but I bear your's like a Child.

I am not aſhamed of honeſt Poverty.—Let others bluſh for their Riches.—The firſt has nothing reproachful in it, but what it borrows from the Perſon's own Character: And the Value we ought to ſet upon the latter, ſhould alſo depend upon the ſame Contingent.

Life is a Picture—Fortune the *Frame:* But Misfortume the *Shade*—The firſt only its *extrinſic* Ornament: But the latter, if well *ſuſtained*, forms the *intrinſic* Merit, by giving a bolder *Relief* to the Figures.

But

But I deſpair of ever making even the Picture of Philoſophy, of my own *Fanny*, after your laſt *womanly* Letter; and, in Truth, you deſtroy my intire Reliſh for Misfortunes, by your Puſillanimity: For, after all, now, what Satisfaction can there poſſibly be in them, except the Pride of ſtanding firm, and bravely triumphing over them? But your Impatience breaks my Reſolution, and ſinks my Spirits ſo low, that I do ſeriouſly aſſure you, I moſt heartily wiſh, this Moment for your Sake, that I was quite rid of every Thing of the Kind, for Life.

Amen! and *Adieu!*

P. S. I ſhall write to my Attorney, the Moment I ſend off the Bearer.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCI.

My dear HARRY,

I READ your Second Volume of The *Triumvirate*, which you left me, this Morning.* I ſee, now, why you would not let me have it, while you ſtayed here: But, like an unmodern Critic, let me firſt commend, before I find Fault.

This Manuſcript is rich, even to Luxuriancy, in Matter, Language, Sentiment, Frolic, Adventure, and Surprize. There are many Paſſages in it, which ſeize upon the Heart, unawares, and leave the Eyes to mourn its Captivity, even without a Wiſh to ſet it free.

Chapter CLXII. upon confined Debtors, is written with that generous Warmth, which equally diſtinguiſhes your Writings, and marks your Character. Were it tranſlated into the Oriental Languages, and publiſhed in *China*, where the darling Principles of Humanity ſo much abound, it were ſufficient to turn all their Priſons, and Goals, into Hoſpitals, and Alms-Houſes.

* See Letter CCCLXIV.

Your

Your Manner of telling a Story, is admirable—No one Circumſtance added, which is not neceſſary to explain the Fact—'Tis not like reading a Story, but like hearing one in Company, where the Relater haſtens on to the Cataſtrophé. The Precipice Adventure,* however, came too ſuddenly upon me—It made me ſhudder, and grow inſtantly ſick—I immediately abhorred the Murderer—And yet, in a few Lines, you have had the mortifying Addreſs to turn my Compaſſion for the Victim, in Favour of the Executioner.

And now, good Mr. *Author*, that I have given the Merits of your Writing, its due Praiſe, ſuffer me, without Reſentment, to reprove the Demerits of it, with the ſame Impartiality, and Candour.

I confeſs, that I am extremely diſpleaſed at moſt of thoſe Chapters, where you make *Trigliph* interlope, as you phraſe it. They are, by no Means, in your natural Stile of Writing. I allow you wit, but beg Leave to deny you Humour. You have Sentiment, but not Archneſs. Theſe Eſſays hurt the finer Parts of your Work, and are injured alſo, in Turn, by them again. They lead the Readers to conceive a ſlighter Opinion of the Author, than the former Parts could poſſibly ſuffer them to imagine; and theſe

* Chapter CXXVII.

theſe latter Paſſages, alſo, appear more flat, from the Contraſt, than, perhaps, they might do in a diſtinct Writing, all of the ſame Piece.

But theſe Paſſages offend me, not ſo much as a Critic, as a Woman, and a Mother. I would not have a Father write any Thing, which he would not chuſe to have his Children read. Now, I am very certain, that you would not put this Manuſcript into the Hands either of your Son, or Daughter—Why then publiſh the Book, with ſuch reprehenſible Blo s in it?

Perhaps it may not be amiſs, to qualify the Harſhneſs of this Lecture, by returning back again, to the former Part of my Obſervations upon this Manuſcript; therefore, I ſhall conclude my Letter, with taking Notice of Mr. *Carewe*'s *Confeſſion of Faith*;* which, I acknowledge, has given me infinite Satisfaction, and does you equal Honour, too. 'Tis philoſophic, refined, and new; and is, in my Opinion, the moſt rational Syſtem of Chriſtianity, that ever I read. It has the Eſſence of Ten Volumes of Sermons, upon the Subject, in as few Lines.

There is an infinite Fund of Variety, in this Work, which you have crouded into Two Volumes.—*Fielding* would have made Twenty out of them, *Richardſon* have ſpun them to Fifty; and *Sterne* to Two Hundred.

* Chapter CLXII.

I hope we part Friends, now; and believe me to be, my dear Biogrpaher *Triglyph*, your admiring Reader, and truly affectionate Wife.

Frances.

P. S. I beg to know, whether your Deſcription of the Storm,* be your own, or only a Quotation? Your running into Blank Verſe, for a few Lines, in the Midſt of Proſe, ſurpriſed me a good deal. I was charmed with it; but never met with it before; and I am tolerably well read in our *Engliſh* Poets.

Pray tell me whom you deſign to dedicate theſe Volumes to.

* CLXXXIX.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCII.

Dear FANNY,

I Arrived here, laſt Night, late, wet, and tired. I found all our Friends extremely well, and your Son, as uſual, in high Health, Spirits, and Tatters. I ſhall have Cloaths made for him, before I leave this.

Mr. *R*——— had a remarkable Dream, lately. There was a Schoolfellow of his, who ſome ten Years ago had gone into the Army: *R*——— knew not the Regiment, nor where it was ſtationed; nor had he any particular Friendſhip, or other Connection, with the young Man, that might have brought him, at any Time, into his Mind.

He dreamed that he was in Company with the Perſon's Father, and aſked him, How his old Schoolfellow did? The Father wept, and replied, *Tom* has been lately killed in *Germany*.

Mr. *R*——— repeated this Dream to Mr. *C*——, next Morning, adding, that he could not imagine what could have made this Perſon occur to his Mind, now, whom he did not recollect to have once thought of before, ſince they had parted from School together. Two Days after, the Action at *Minden* appeared in the Papers; and the firſt Name, among the ſlain, that ſtruck his eye, was *Tom*'s.

The

The unaccountable Contigency of Dreams, will ever remain a Miſtery, 'till we ſhall awake from our laſt Sleep. I have had ſeveral extraordinary ones, in my Life, unattended with any Manner of Conſequences; and have had others, interpreted by Events; which, however, were no farther remarkable, than that they ſerved to recal thoſe Viſions to my Mind, which were not ſtrong enough, at the Time, to impreſs themſelves on it.

My Dream, about Mr. *Leſture*'s Leg of Mutton and Turnips, wanted nothing to render it worthy the Notice of Hiſtory, but its being a beſieged Town, my being a General, and famiſhing for Hunger.

Adieu! and go ſleep.

Henry.

LETTER CCCCIII.

Dear FANNY,

I Received your Critic upon the Second Volume of The *Trio*. I confeſs myſelf flattered and pleaſed with it: So far from being offended, at your Severity againſt ſome Parts, I ſhall ſhew my Senſe of your Reproof, by barely indeavouring to excuſe, without attempting to juſtify, them.

You remember, yourſelf, that, when I had finiſhed the Firſt Volume, I ſent it over to *London* by Mr. ———, to try the Pulſe of the Publiſhers there; and it was returned to me again, with this Anſwer, "That the Writing "was too high for a Novel, and fit only for a "few Readers. That a Work of this Kind "ſhould be written in a more familiar Language, "have more of Adventure, and be ſeaſoned with "*Comicality*, and Archneſs, before they would "purchaſe it, in Hopes of its *bringing a Sale*."

Upon this Hint, you know I inſerted Chapter LXXXIX. as an Eſſay; which is the only one, in that Stile, in the Firſt Volume. I read that to you, and you laughed, ſaying only, *If they will have a May-Pole, why let them have a May-Pole*: which Expreſſion, or Quotation, I then made the Motto of my Appendix to that Volume.

This

This incouraged me; and, when I had Leiſure to undertake the Second Volume, I threw in a good Number of Chapters, in the ſame Stile: And now, really, I think you are rather too puritanical in your Strictures; for, where there is not any Sort of bad Principle inculcated, or incouraged, I proteſt I can ſee no Vice in a Jeſt, nor Immorality in Archneſs. The whole Tenor of the Work, is virtuous; breathing Honour, Juſtice, and Humanity, throughout: And we ſhould judge of Writings, as we do of Characters. Many Paſſages in it may inſpirit Morals; and the freeſt of them will never corrupt Manners. I bluſh, myſelf, at this Encomium, more than any one need do, at thoſe Parts you reprehend: But 'tis not deemed a Breach of Modeſty, to ſay Things of ourſelves, which might otherwiſe appear vain, when one is challenged upon their Defence.

To conclude, Be aſſured that every Part of the Work, which you approve, was written for you; and thoſe Parts, which you find Fault with, were only inſerted for my Bookſeller.—I give frequent Hints of this Diſtinction, throughout.—I cannot recollect the Paſſages, at preſent; but, when you and I read the whole together, I ſhall point them out to you.

However, I hope this may ſatisfy your Prudery. I here paſs my Word to you, that, when I am reading the Manuſcript to you, I will ſtrike out every Sentence, that you ſhall *ſeriouſly* object to; begging Quarter only for thoſe you cannot reprove, without laughing.

The Deſcription of the Storm is my own.—Its coming in, ſo unaccountably, in the Midſt of proſe, makes it appear, as you obſerve, odd enough.—I did not deſign it.—I meant to have written it in the ſame Stile with the reſt; but, upon reading over the Chapter, I found the Lines had accidentally formed themſelves, pretty nearly, into Blank Verſe.—I then altered ſome few Words, to compleat the Mêtre.—This, I am convinced, is the natural Meaſure of Speech, in ſtrong Paſſion, or warm Deſcription, and ſufficiently juſtifies the Uſe of Blank Verſe, or meaſured Proſe, in Tragedy.

Adieu! my Life.

Your's,

B. Triglyph.

P. S. I think I have now anſwered all the Particulars of your Letter, which you know is always my methodical Way, Paragraph by Paragrahp—No, I ſee there is one Article more to be taken Notice of.

You

You aſk me, Whom I mean to dedicate this Work to? But, ſurely, you cannot be at a Loſs to gueſs. *Quis Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit?* To the Patron who has afforded me Leiſure to write, certainly.

LETTER CCCCIV.

My dear FANNY,

I DINED, Yeſterday, at ———, and ſaw the two Ladies, after their Overturn. They are really a *Pair of Spectacles*, at preſent; but, like *Grecian* Domes, look beautiful, even in their Ruins.

Her Ladyſhip is the moſt unlucky Perſon that ever was known. There hardly paſſes a Week that ſome Accident or other does not befall her. I ſtiled her, Yeſterday, the fair *Ragotina*, and told her I would ſoon publiſh The Hiſtory of her *Miſadventures*; or, The Memoirs of her *Death*: For that cannot properly be deemed a Life, which is compoſed of *Articula Mortis*, or *daily Dyings*. In ſhort, the Motto of her Chariot, ſhould be the Reverſe of *Cæſar*'s Sentence, as thus—*Thou carrieſt* J———, *and her Misfortunes*.

I met *Sevigne*'s Letters here, and amuſed myſelf this Morning, with reading them over again. I think what you have ſaid of them, is true

enough;* and yet, perhaps, that may have been their Merit. If this be ſo, then our Collection † muſt certainly be too rich, for *Letters*; and the Editor has ſpoiled them, by leaving out moſt of the trifling Paſſages, and common Occurences, of the Originals. *Letters* ſhould not be *Recuçilles* of Wit, or Learning, but rather reſemble the familiar Converſations of eaſy, well-bred Company, which amuſe us extremely well for the Time, without leaving any Sentiment or Reflection reſting on the Mind. *A Sort of running Pattern*, as you ſaid once, *without any Ground.*

Such Writings as theſe, however, muſt never be tranſlated; for, like Champaigne, the Spirit evaporates in decanting.

Adieu!

Henry.

* See Letter CCCLIV.

† The former Volumes of The Series.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCV.

My deareſt HARRY,

I HAVE paſſed my Time very agreeably, ſince I came to Town—A little too much junketting, excepted. Our Friends ſeemed to embrace me doubly; for all that Welcome, they had prepared for us both, was laviſhed upon One.

I muſt beg a Bit of Pardon from you—I have not been to wait on your Aunts, as you deſired—They are acquainted with my being in Town; and I think I ought to wait their Overture—I would pay them every Mark of Reſpect, in my Power, but none of Servility—In the preſent Circumſtances of our Fortunes, perhaps it might paſs for ſuch—I have not an Atom of Pride, in my Nature; therefore am never inſolent: But I have, and rejoice in it, a tolerable Share of Spirit; therefore am never mean.

I ſee ſome Things in a different Light, from you. Women are wrapped up in more Folds, than Men. Their Behavionr is preſcribed by certain Rituals, while happy Men are at Liberty, to frame, or cancel, their own Precedents. Indeed, my dear *Harry*, if you would have me humble, you muſt firſt make me rich, or great.

Fançhon is finely recovered, but ſtill kept low, as this Spring has an unſafe Warmth in it. The poor Child longs for a Morſel of ſolid Food, and made me laugh, this Morning, at her ſaying, that, tho' Whey and Broth filled her Belly, they *left her Teeth hungry.*

I am writing in a Room, with fourteen People in it; and muſt conclude my Letter, with a grand Chorus of Loves, Services, *&c.* which they are all breathing toward you.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER CCCCVI.

My dear FANNY,

I CAME hither, from ——, Yeſterday, and left our dear Child extremely well, in perfect Health, Spirits, good Conditions, and new Cloaths. Be not under any Manner of Apprehenſion about him; a burned Child dreads the Fire; and his late ducking has given him a Kind of *Hydrophobia.* I ſhould not have mentioned one Word of his diving Adventure; becauſe I know

know what poor Nerves you have; but that your Aunt had heard the Story, and I ſuppoſed ſhe would have wrote, and alarmed you more.

Mr *T*———*t* is here: He is a Man of good Underſtanding, polite Learning, and juſt Sentiment. Oh! why are not all Men ſuch as he? He tells me, that Mr. *B*—— is extremely well, both in Mind and Health. He wiſhes, that he would not live ſo retired. 'Tis dangerous, without Literature.

The Moment I alighted, Lord ——— put the Key of his Study into my Hand; and I have, at this Time, the double Pleaſure of ſitting in a Library, and of writing to you. Is not this an happy Privilege, which I have aſſumed to myſelf, that, from the allowed Peculiarity of my Character, ſuch an inſignificant Perſon as I am, can come to a Nobleman's Houſe, and challenge the Liberty of being Maſter of his own Time, and Occupations? 'Tis more than *Privilege*, 'tis *Prerogative*. I would not dwell with Kings, upon any other Terms.

This Apartment is ſo retired from the Reſt of the Houſe, as to be quite free from any Manner of Noiſe, or Diſturbance. I but juſt hear the diſtant Sound of the Organ—not diſtinct enough to interrupt Study, and only ſufficient to raiſe the *platonic* Audience of the Spheres, and render Silence muſical.

You'll ſmile when you hear how I have been amuſing my Leiſure, this Half Hour paſt. My Son begged of me, at parting, to write a Letter to him. I promiſed it—But what to ſay to him? I had never written *Namby Pambicks*, in my Life; ſo have given my Thoughts another Strain—I muſt play the Philoſopher, even with a Child—I have always ſpoken to him, even from his liſping Years, with the beſt Senſe I was Maſter of—'Tis the right Way—Children are capable of Apprehenſion, ſooner than fooliſh Fathers and Mothers imagine—The only Art is to adapt your Language to them.

I ſend you a Copy of the Letter.—My Genius was not high enough to be more ſimple; nor had I power of Stile, to be more plain: For, to be ſimple, without being low, and to be plain in Expreſſion, without Meanneſs, are uncommon Talents.

Adieu!

Henry.

The

The LETTER.

My dear CHILD,

I COULD not give an higher Proof of my Affection toward you, than the Reſolution I was obliged to exert, in ſending you from me. I preferred your Advantage to my own Pleaſure, and ſacrificed Fondneſs to Duty. I ſhould have done this ſooner, but waited 'till my Inquiries had found out a Perſon whoſe Character might be reſponſible for your Education; and Mr. —— was, at length, my Choice, for that important Truſt. He will be a fitter Parent to you, for the preſent Times, than either of thoſe you left behind you: He will ſee you, as you are, without the dangerous Biaſs of natural Affection: His Approbation muſt be earned by Merit; our's might be but the Partiality of tender Connection: He is now the Subſtitute of our Authority; and you are to conſider, that the Duty and Submiſſion which we had a Claim to, is, for a Time, transferred to him. Your Obedience, then, will be without Murmuring, or Reluctance; more eſpecially, when you reflect, that a ſtrict Attention to his Appointments, and an implicit Compliance with his Commands, are not only to form the Rule of your ſafe Conduct in this Life, but to be the Earneſt of your Happineſs in the next.

With

With Regard to your School Connections, it muſt be impoſſible for me to give you any Inſtruction, at preſent; for your Affections will form to themſelves general Attachments, 'till the Improvement of your own Senſe, and Virtue, may inable you to diſtinguiſh reſpective Merit in others: All that I ſhall obſerve to you, upon this Head, is, that it is very probable there may not be many among them, who have been better born than you are; but it is alſo as likely, that there may be as few, who will not have the Advantages of better Fortunes; and I hope that this double Conſideration will excite you always to act up to that Spirit and Character, which becomes your Family; and, at the ſame Time, to behave with ſuch Œconomy, and Humility, as befits your Circumſtances.

I am not ſo vain as to imagine, that you are now capable of comprehending the full Scope of this Letter; but I intreat, that you will keep it by you, 'till you are. I do not write to your preſent Apprehenſions, but to that Underſtanding, and Virtue, which, I truſt in God, and Mr. ——'s Tuition, you will very ſoon acquire. I exerciſe a Fondneſs, I fulfil a Duty, I confer my Bleſſing, and am, my deareſt Child, your truly affectionate Father.

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCVII.

My dear HARRY,

YOUR Incloſure pleaſed me extremely — There is ſomething inexpreſſibly tender in your Manner of Writing, upon all Subjects, where your Heart is of the Party.—This Softneſs renders your Letters charming, when you are to expreſs Fondneſs; but moſt cruelly kind, when you are to ſhow Reſentment.

I hope that *little Fellow* was pleaſed with your Letter, leſt the Treat ſhould be thrown away; for I think his Maſter's Palate is too callous to taſte it—And I dare ſay, that *Harry* did reliſh, as far as he is capable of comprehending it; for you remember, that his firſt Affections were of the tender Kind — A ſoft Expreſſion would make him drop a Tear, ſwallow a Medicine, take up his Book, or hold out his Arm to be bled; while, if you happened to begin by commanding, he would raiſe his little Voice, and ſcold it out, with either of us. The Spirit of a Man ſhould be ſympathetic; ſturdy to the bold, and ſoft to the gentle. This is neither ſo proper, nor ſo ſafe a Character for Woman. We are really moſt unaccountable Animals, conſidering us as *accountable* at the ſame Time. I hate you Men, whenever I think of it.

The

The World is come upon us.—You know the *posse comitatûs* that was expected. I rejoice at your being out of the Way of drinking, and holding *bald, disjointed Chat* with Country 'Squires and Assembly Misses.

Adieu!

LETTER CCCCVIII.

My dearest FANNY,

I SEND you an Essay, I wrote last Night, on the *Life of Man*; the Hint of which was taken from a philosophic Reflection of your's the Morning I left you, that it would be much happier for us, if the whole Interval of Mortality were perfect Manhood without Childhood or Old Age.

You may remember I said, at the Time, that this Subject was very well worth discussing at greater Leisure and more serious Moments. — It occurred to me Yesterday Evening, by Chance.— I pleaded my Prerogative, * retired to the Library, and wrote these Thoughts before Supper. The Scope of them is to defend the present Order, or Succession of Seasons, in the Life of Man; and to prove, with *Pope*, that *whatever is, is right.*

Henry.

* See Letter CCCCV. third Paragraph.

AN

AN ESSAY ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

MANKIND have generally repined at the ſcanty Portion of Mortality — They have not only blamed the Shortneſs of the whole *Drama*, but have particularly reſented the contracted Interval of the middle Stage of this *petite Piece*, or *Three-Act Farce*, as they term it; which they would have extended, by an *Unity*, with the firſt and laſt.

"Since the whole Scope of our Temporality "is ſo ſmall a Span, Why were we not created, "like our great *Prototype*, in a State of Virility, "to enter upon the Action at once? And, "why need we be reduced, at laſt, to cloſe the "*Scene*, with ſuch Diſgrace, *et turpem ſenectutem "degere?*"

To hint to theſe Perſons, that the unfortunate Example of *Adam*, was a dangerous Precedent, would be deemed *ſyſtematical* Divinity; and, to point out the general Analogy in Nature of Infancy, Vigour, and Decay, would be called *ſyſtematical* Philoſophy.

Beſides,

Beſides, this would be only to give the Rule, and not the Reaſon: Nor dare I venture upon this latter Argument at all, leſt they might take the Advantage of the Alluſion in one Inſtance— "The World is the moſt perfect Mechaniſm of "Matter; and Man the compleateſt Compoſition "of Animals. This Globe, then, we admit to "have been created *in Time*; to have its Duration "limited; and, conſequently, its Diſſolution or-"dained: But, during the intire Extent of its "Exiſtence, its Vigour remains equal. Pray, "now, how is your Analogy preſerved between "the *Macro* and the *Micro-Coſm*?

What's to be done? Shall I combat theſe Repiners with *Metaphyſicks*, and ſay, That *Man's as perfect as he ought* —That his Condition of Life is our *Link* in the great *Chain*—That there may be ſuperior Beings created in that uniform State they wiſh for, *&c.*

I fear likewiſe, that this Plea would avail but little.—There are a Sort of ſturdy Reaſoners, who will not be put off with *Hypotheſes* for Arguments; and, as the only natural Knowledge of Mankind is *à poſteriori*, from Experience alone; Concluſions, not Premiſes; all Judgments *à priori*, Aſſumptions, or Suppoſitions, will not be accepted without Proof, by Men who ſet up for no more Intelligence than it is poſſible for them to attain, without Inſpiration, in this Life. Let us, then,

then, return them an Anſwer, in their own Way; ſupply a Reaſon from the very Nature of the Subject itſelf:

"And vindicate the Ways of God to Man."

If we reflect, in the leaſt, upon Human Life, we muſt obſerve, that the ſeveral Æras of it are adapted and proportioned to the natural Conſtitution of the Mind, and to the ſeveral Offices, which we muſt regularly perform for the Safety and Advantage of the whole Man. To diſtinguiſh Life, like the Year, as *Marcus Aurelius* has done, into four Seaſons, *Childhood*, *Youth*, *Manhood*, and *Age*; * The Firſt is neceſſary for the Subjection of Paſſions, and imbibing the firſt Rudiments of Science, Curioſity then calling for Information, as naturally as the Stomach does for Food — The Second, for perfecting Knowledge, performing our Exerciſes, ſtrengthening our Morals, chuſing our Profeſſions, Purſuits, and fixing our Attachments to Friends and Miſtreſſes — The Third is appropriated to matrimonial Society, to the Eſtabliſhment of our Fortunes, and the forming of our Characters in Life. And the laſt Stage is dedicated to Retirement, to reſt after our Labours, to philoſophic and religious Contemplation,

* I have diſtinguiſhed the *moral*, as *Galen* has done the *natural*, Life of Man, into theſe Four Periods.

tion, neceſſary to wean our Attachments from this World, and to prepare us for an Exit, *ut conviva ſatur.*

As ye will not admit, Gentlemen, of *à priori* Knowledge, ye muſt allow the Two firſt Seaſons to be expedient, that our Reaſon may be perfected before we are permitted to enter upon perfect Action; ſo that all ye can, poſſibly, contend for, now, muſt be to have the Third Portion extended through the latter Æra of our Lives.

"What Advantage can, rationally, accrue to "Mankind in general, or to the Individual in "particular, from the Infirmities of Old Age? "What Office can it, naturally, perform, either "for itſelf, or the World, that might not be bet-"ter executed by Strength of Body, and Vigour "of Mind?"

In Anſwer to which Challenge, beſides what I have ſaid before upon this latter Point, I ſhall ſubjoin a few Reflections, which every Man's own Experience may ſupply him with.

There is a certain Reſtleſſneſs and Impatience in our Minds, that refuſes Pleaſure from a continued Enjoyment, or Contemplation, of the ſame Set of Objects, or Ideas; and our Nature thirſts for Variety from the Cradle to the Grave. The ſeveral Seaſons of Life open, with Novelty, to *Childhood*, to *Youth*, to *Manhood*, and *Seneſcence*.

We

We find ourſelves ſtill, as we approach theſe advancing Æras, attracted by different Views, Paſſions, and Purſuits; and quit the former Scene without Regret, not becauſe the ſhifting one will afford us better Entertainment, for as yet we have had no Experience of it; but, which does as well, becauſe we have made ſufficient Trial of the foregoing, have eſſayed its Pleaſures, and exhauſted its Variety. At Length the Vaſſalage of Ignorance and Subjection is paſt; we have now arrived at the long wiſhed-for Throne of Man's Eſtate; and would maintain the flattering Empire of Health, Vigour, and Reaſon, during the Remainder of our Reign.

But, when we have chimed over all the Changes on the few Notes of this Pitch of Life, How ſhall we be able to relieve that *tædium vitæ*, that Satiety of Life, ſo generally complained of, already, even in the preſent contracted Portions of our Time; which Numbers have found ſo irkſome, that they have had Recourſe to Drunkenneſs or *Suicide* to rid themſelves of?

The *regnum ſui* ſooths our Pride: The Succeſſion and Alternation of manly Buſineſs, Sports, and Pleaſures, are truly rational Amuſements to the Mind: The chaſte Alliances, the tender Connections, the generous Friendſhips, the charitable Dependencies of this State of Life, are, indeed,

continued

continued ſources of moral Happineſs, and heart-felt Tranſports — But *continued* to a certain Period only. Satiety ſucceeds too oft repeated Joys: And Pleaſures, ſtill moving in a Circle, lag, when we begin the well-known Courſe again. Were vigorous Manhood to remain, the ſame Paſſions and Purſuits would ſtill ſubſiſt, with baffled Hopes, and diſappointed Wiſhes; Novelty would grow ſtale, and Variety loſe its Change; while Curioſity would urge, and Impatience reſent, the palled Fruition; 'till we ſhould, at length, cry out, with a ſmall Alteration, in the Words of *Milton*;

"Each Seaſon, and its Change, diſpleaſe alike."

A thouſand untried Follies would be then attempted; Prœmiums proffered by wearied Libertines, *laſſato vitiis, nec dum ſatiato*, as was once done by a *Roman* Emperor, for the Invention of new Pleaſures; Caprice, Debauchery, and Vice, would reign, and cloſe our Lives in Madneſs or Deſpair.

But, happily, in Relief to our unſtable Natures, our Vigour declines, our Paſſions ſubſide, Curioſity grows weary, our Deſires are ſatisfied, and Indolence ſucceeds — A new Scene begins to unfold itſelf to our tired Faculties, and exhauſted Spirits — A different Train of Ideas inſenſibly form

form themſelves, by Degrees, in our Minds — Health, Peace, and Eaſe, the *felicis animi immota tranquillitas*, become then our wiſer Wiſh — We have ſeen the Vanities, and felt the Follies of Life; nor would we try again, with feeble Mind and relaxed Sinews,

"To ſeek, with erring Step, Contentment's ob-
"vious Way."

Laſtly, Death, that in Vigour would have been our *Fear*, in Decay, becomes our *Hope*, *Amen!*

LETTER

LETTER CCCCIX.

Dear HARRY,

I Received your very ingenious, and truly philoſophic, Eſſay. I am charmed with it. The Reaſoning and Reflections are ſtrong and concluſive, and afford vaſt Satisfaction to the Mind. To reconcile Man to the State and Condition of Man, is an extreme uſeful and benevolent Act.

Your Stile and Language too, in this Piece, are finely adapted.—The Writing riſes with the Subject, and becomes animated where that grows warm. — The latter Part of the Twelfth Paragraph is really fine; and the heavy Monoſyllable *lag*, coming halting in, amidſt ſo many rounded Periods, has a moſt happy Effect in ecchoing the Senſe there intended.

The Cloſe of your laſt Paragraph is beautiful and affecting — Your making it a Prayer, as well as a Reflection, caught hold of me, and made me moſt emphatically join in your Oration, by repeating the *Amen!* aloud.

I really think you have ſaid enough upon this Subject, to ſilence, nay, to ſatisfy, all the *Male*-contents in the World; but there is one Objection to the general Œconomy, which, I am afraid, you will ſtile truly *feminine*; but, as it has been a Subject of Reflection, and even of Uneaſineſs,

to

to me, I will venture to mention it to you; aſſured, that, tho' you may ſmile at it, you will not laugh at me.

I perfectly agree, with you, that a Relaxation, both of our bodily and mental Powers, is abſolutely neceſſary, to wean us from this World; but, as every Day's Experience proves the Truth of *Ninon*'s Remark, that "the Soul clings as cloſe to an ugly Body, as to a handſome one," I cannot ſee what End, either in Morals, or Nature, is anſwered by the Decay of our Beauty being the natural Conſequence of encreaſing Years. Do grey Hairs make the Head wiſer, or Wrinkles mend the Heart? Were the Charms that Nature lends us, not to be reclaimed 'till we paid her our whole Debt, at once, ſhe would then be a kind Creditor indeed, and ſave millions of Sighs, and Tears, from thoſe whom ſhe ſeems to laviſh her greateſt Favours on, merely to make them feel their Loſs.

One Advantage, in Morals, I am certain, would ariſe from the Continuation of Beauty: Our Children and Dependents would love us much more than they do. The firſt Thing that generally ſours a female Mind, is the Neglect which ſhe feels from the Loſs of her Charms—As they decay, this increaſes; and, by the Time her Children arrive at Years of Maturity, they look on her Form, with Diſguſt; and on her Temper, with mingled Fear and Averſion.

This

This Evil would certainly be obviated by the Preſervation of Beauty; and the Delicacy, and Languor, which is naturally produced by a declining State of Health, would inſpire a peculiar Sort of Tenderneſs, like that we feel for young Perſons, dying of *Conſumptions*. I have often ſincerely wiſhed, that I might die, in that State; but I now recant; as I am firmly perſuaded, that your Affection for me riſes ſuperior both to Time, and Chance; and that you will love me, with the ſame Tenderneſs, Twenty Years hence, that you do now, if it pleaſes God to ſpare us both ſo long. I muſt add another *Amen!* to this Paragraph.

I have taken a Liberty—Will you forgive me? I could not reſiſt it. I longed to ſee how it would appear in Print; and have ſent it over to the *London Chronicle*;* but without a Name; only the Initials, *R. G.* I want to tempt you into the Preſs, again. You are too dilatory with your *Trio*. Perhaps, if any Notice ſhould be taken of this Eſſay, in the Papers, it may rouſe you. Life is waſting, and you cannot expect to retain, always, the ſame Spirit and Powers you are bleſt with at preſent.

Adieu! my amiable Philoſopher

Frances.

* It appeared, accordingly, in the *London Chronicle*, No. 432.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCX.

Dear FANNY,

I Return you Thanks for your Compliments — They would not flatter from another — 'Tis extremely pleaſant to be commanded by one, whoſe Taſte and Sincerity we are equally certain of.

I don't know whether I ſhould have conſented to your ſending the Paper to the *Chronicle*, becauſe it is not yet to be done; and your having once done a Thing, makes it immediately "ſeem wiſeſt, "virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt."

I am pleaſed with your truly feminine Difficulty, about the viſible Decay of female Beauty: But Providence has rightly ordered it ſo, to prevent the Depopulation of Mankind: For, were there no apparent Difference between Fifty and Fifteen, the Grandmother muſt certainly have the Advantage every other Way, in Senſe, Knowledge, Experience, and Addreſs, over her Granddaughter; young Fellows would then be drawn into the Embraces of barren Sybils; and the World conclude with the Play of *Love's Labour loſt*.

Since you are pleaſed with my Writings, I ſhall, occaſionally, as the Subjects may occur, diſcuſs ſome other philoſophical Points for your

Amuſement — It will be uſeful to myſelf alſo— It will help me to digeſt, and methodize, my own Ideas, which mere muſing is apt rather to confound and perplex. — This is the Advantage of *Themes* at School. — The Pleaſures of the Imagination, improved by Taſte, and corrected by Judgment, is a charming and privileged Exerciſe of the human Mind.—What a tedious and unſatisfactory Wretch he muſt be, whoſe Faculties are reſtrained to Appetite and Senſation alone!

Adieu! 'till *Wedneſday*, when I ſhall return, and enjoy the higher Reliſhes in the fulneſs of your Society.

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXI.

Dear FANNY,

I HAVE been on the Rack ever ſince we parted. My Cholic increaſed upon every Medicine I applied, and was *inflamed* by *Palliatives*. If it was not natural, I ſhould be aſhamed at the Folly of uſing Remedies that I have ſo frequently experienced the Inefficacy of; for, 'till its own good Time, it never budges. There is another Peculiarity, too, in this Diſorder, which, tho' happy, has ſometimes vexed me; that, tho' I ſuſtain the Torture for Weeks, Months, often two or three, at a Time, it ſhall not ſtamp the leaſt viſible Effect of Sickneſs, or Pain, on my outward Appearance. This looks as if I had got a Habit of complaining, without Ailment, like a vapouriſh Woman.

Have I a real Diſtemper, or do I only ſuffer from magic Simpathy? Or, is my Body become philoſophic, as well as my Mind? Does this reſiſt Diſorder, as well as that does Misfortune?

It muſt be ſo: The Union of the Soul and Body is a miſtical Marriage. The firſt is the Huſband; and my Soul's Wife thinks it both prudent and virtuous to conform herſelf to the

Manners and Sentiments of that Head, which Heaven has allotted to be her Guide and Guardian thro' this mortal Life.

The Beginning of a Moral ſhould be the End of a Letter.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCCXII.

My dear HARRY,

Mallow.

I AM extremely ſhocked at the Obſtinacy of your Diſorder. I intreat your immediate Return hither, that you may try the Effect of theſe Waters. The Phyſicians, here, ſay they are uſed in bilious Cholics.

The Phœnomenon of your Pain and Diſtemper not producing any viſible Effect upon your Countenance, is owing to two moſt uncommon Specifics in the Conſtitution of your Mind, and of your Body — Firſt, that admirable Temper, which ſupplies Chearfulneſs to your Converſation and Manners, in the Midſt of Pain, Sickneſs, and Misfortune; and, next, that extraordinary Faculty you are poſſeſſed of, of being able to

fall

fall aſleep in the Midſt of Anguiſh. I have lain many a Night awake in anxious Attention to you, and have been often doubtful which was *Groan*, and which was *Snore*. Your Character, thank God, is a great Improvement upon *Scarron*'s; for you not only ſport in Miſery, but *ſleep* in Pain.

My Cough has mended, but I have got a Rheumatic Pain in my Arm, which, tho' not dangerous, is troubleſome. An Account of Complaints is the only Sort of News you can expect from *Spa*-Societies, which are always compoſed of Invalids or Idlers, who are pretty much the ſame; for the latter, having no Colour of their own, take a *Camelion* Tincture from their Aſſociates. I am ſorry to ſay, that I look upon myſelf to be a Mixture of both theſe, I was going to ſay, Characters, in their worſt Degree; for my chief Maladies are of the Mind, and I know no *Hygean* Spring which can effect their Cure. I am an Idler too; for I neither drink the Waters, or have any other Buſineſs here; and yet am not bleſſed with that happy Vacation from Thought, which conſtitutes the ſole Advantage and Pleaſure of a Saunterer.

But, for a gayer Subject — Cornet *P*——— is going to be married to a fine Girl of Sixteen, Senſe, Beauty, Good-humour, *&c. &c. &c.* and Thirty Thouſand Pounds for a Tilly. He has

ſeen her *twice*, and is moſt *ſuperlatively* in Love. Her Name is *G*——. I wiſh it may be a Match, if ſhe can make him happy; for if ſhe has Senſe, or Virtue, I think him capable of making her ſo. I never knew a better young Man.

Now for a graver Subject — Lady *C*——— has brought her three Sons here, To-day, to be inoculated; the eldeſt Seventeen; the youngeſt Six. I pray God to grant her Succeſs in ſo dangerous an Undertaking. My Heart has ached for that agreeable worthy Woman, from the Moment I ſaw them.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXIII.

My dear FANNY,

I SEND you the incloſed Letter, to be ſhewn to Mr. *W*———; which may make his Mind eaſy with regard to *R. W*——'s Attachment to his Intereſts. You may remember, that, when the ſtrongeſt Appearances were againſt, I ſtood up and ſaid, I would be reſponſible for, him. I did not ſpeak from any particular Certainty, but judged intirely from my Knowledge of his Obligations, and of his Character; and, ſurely, 'tis the Crime of *bearing falſe Witneſs againſt our Neighbour*, to determine otherwiſe. How cruel a Caſe is it, after a Perſon has ſpent their Life in attaining a good Repute, that ſome capricious Jealouſy, ariſing in our own Minds, or any malicious Inſinuation from another Hand, ſhall deprive them of the Credit of it? This has been always my Way of judging upon ſuch Occaſions — A Man may have Honour, and ſell Iron, at the ſame Time.

I rejoice at *P*——'s good Fortune: He deſerves what you ſay of him. I formed an Opinion of his Worth the ſecond Day I was in his Company, from one or two careleſs Things he ſaid, which were not attended to either by himſelf,

or the reſt of the Company. I ſaid, at the Time, in a Soliloquy, *this young Man has Senſe, Spirit, and Humanity.*

I heartily wiſh Lady *C*———— Succeſs in her Adventure. I liked her extremely for the ſhort Time I was in her Company laſt Summer. I think ſhe has greatly the Manners of a *French* Marchioneſs — Spirit with Frankneſs, Good-Breeding with Eaſe, and Politeneſs without Form.

Your Parallel between Invalids and Idlers is very juſt. One is a Valetudinarian in Morals, as much as the other is in Health. Oh! what a melancholic Sight is a *bookleſs ſauntering Youth*, and a *goſſiping Miſs*, at a *tête à tête*. I am tempted to ſtrike their Parents, as *Socrates* did a Preceptor, once, for the ill Behaviour of his Pupil.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXIV.

Dear FANNY,

I SEND you, incloſed, a Letter full of Wit and Politeneſs, that I received, laſt Poſt, from Couſin *G*——. I had ſent him my *Preface*, and your *Dedication*, for the Second Edition of The *Series*, deſiring his Opinion upon them.

" *Dear* HARRY,

" I Received your *multum in parvo*, or *mega-*
" *Biblion* in a Nut-ſhell; I mean your *Preface.*
" I never read any Thing ſo brimful without
" overflowing; ſo expreſſively conciſe, and yet
" ſo clear. You are the reverſe of *Tacitus* and
" *Flaccus, dum brevis eſſe laboras*, clarior *fis*. The
" *French* Wire-drawers would certainly gild Vo-
" lumes from your Pages.

" The ſterling Bullion of one *Engliſh* Line,
" Drawn to *French* Wire, would thro' whole
" Pages ſhine."

" I never knew any Man ſo furniſhed with
" Ideas, or ſo fortunate in the Conveyance of
" them. The Vehicle is as tranſparent as the
" Liquor, and ſo much of the ſame Complexion,

" that they appear but one: * Like Intuition, " 'tis Thoughts, not Words, we read. Your " Expreſſion and Ideas ſeem congendered, and " connate: No Garb too long, or ſhort, for the " Image—Perfect *Minerva's*.

" I wiſh I had ſuch Ideas, and ſuch Apparel. " Mine crowd in Confuſion; and, by their rub- " bing and joſtling, obſtruct their Egreſs; and, " when, with Labour, brought forth, periſh for " Want of Cloathing. Your's, tho' in a Heap, " move in Uniform, and ſpring forth, on the " Summons, ready clad, in all the Elegance of " Dreſs, and Faſhion—Legitimate Births, perfect " born.

" There are one or two Inaccuracies in your " *Preface*, which may be the Fault of the Tran- " ſcriber; nor ſhall I wait to point them out; " for, as I love *Frances* better than *Henry*, I am " impatient to come to her *Dedication*; upon " which, for the above Reaſon, I have deſcended " even to the very *Minutiæ* of Criticiſm; in " which, if I have been too free, I hope ſhe will " excuſe on the ſame Account.

" I have made my Obſervations on the Paper " itſelf, which I ſend you incloſed.

* ——————— Ut eburnea ſi quis
Signa tegat claro, vel candida lilia vitro.
Ov. Met. l. 4.

" The

" * The *extempore* Lines, you ſent me, are " very pretty: Methinks I have ſomewhere met " with the Thought before; but it is not the " leſs your own.

" *Adieu!*

" *J. G.*"

* *Upon my* Picture, *done by an eminent Hand.*

Thus Life is checquered, Good and Ill ſo mixt,
The Mind can ſcarcely mark the Line betwixt:
This Portrait makes the Moral underſtood,
The Subject bad enough, the Painting good.

Henry.

FRANCES's

FRANCES's DEDICATION TO THE SECOND EDITION* OF THE SERIES.

To my Sex,

WITH what Awe muſt I appear before ſo auguſt an Aſſembly, at whoſe Tribunal the greateſt Potentates, with all the earthly Powers that be, [a] are wont to kneel! You [b] were born to Dominion—They but uſurp a Throne—*Beauty is natural Empire*—Government but artificial—*Beauty is Royalty without Force*—Kings are eſtabliſhed by Violence—Beauty is the true *Right Divine*, while every other Power is but of *Human Inſtitution*. In a Word, You reign o'er thoſe, who rule the World beſides.

It is your Charms, Virtue, and Decorum, which inſpire Men's Hearts, refine their Minds, and poliſh their Manners, who, like Savages, muſt firſt be rendered *Slaves*, before they can be reclaimed.

* The Editor thinks it neceſſary to reprint it, here, in order to mark the References.

" To Beauty's fierce, tyrannic Sway,
" All Mankind their Homage pay,
" But ſoon, alas! its Power decays,
" A ſtrong, but ſhort-lived Blaze.
" While Wit, and Virtue, ſtill maintain
" An uncontеſted, laſting Reign."

Here the galant [c] Poet attributes Three of the higheſt Perfections of Human Nature, to you, while the Generality of our *Lordly Rulers* allow you but the Firſt; the Second, they partially challenge, as their ſole Prerogative; and, with regard to the laſt, they often employ all their Art and Addreſs, to ſink us to a Level with themſelves.[d]

La Bruyere ſays, " By what Laws, Edicts, or " Decrees, are Women prohibited from opening " their Eyes, from reading, from retaining what " they read, or from giving an Account of it, " either in their Converſation, or their Writing?" He imputes the Scarcity of female Productions, to the Narrowneſs of our [e] Education, or to the World's having placed your chief Merit, in Beauty. To which I ſhall beg Leave to add another Bar,[f] as effectual as either of theſe; namely, the natural Modeſty and Timidity of our Sex—But, as this Aſſertion may be doubted, becauſe it comes from a Woman, who may be-

ſuſpected

ſuſpected to have marched a Volunteer into Print,* I ſhall take this Opportunity of vindicating myſelf, from ſuch an Imputation, by giving, here, an Extract from a Letter I wrote, ſome Time ſince, to a truly worthy Lady of Diſtinction,† when the firſt Thoughts of publiſhing theſe Papers were in Agitation, of which ſhe was, herſelf, the firſt Mover, in Anſwer to one I had the Honour of receiving from her, upon this Subject.

" *Madam*,

" WE both return you many Thanks, for " the Trouble you have taken, about the " Manuſcript, we ſent you; but *Henry* would, " by no Means, have them publiſhed, at his " Expence, merely for Fame; which we are " too modeſt to hope for, from any of our " Literary Works: And, if they were to be " printed, without my Lord's Corrections, and " Amendments, ‖ it would be a ridiculous Vanity " to expect even the ſmalleſt Portion of that " precarious, popular Breath.

* In the former Edition of The Series.

† The late Counteſs of *Corke*, and *Orrery*.

‖ Lord *Corke* had promiſed to reviſe the Manuſcript, but went abroad.

" We

" We neither of us wrote, for any other Rea-
" ders, but ourſelves; and it was your favour-
" able Opinion of ſome Letters you had occa-
" ſionally ſeen, and the incouraging Hope of
" the *Style*, that firſt gave *Henry* a Hint of pub-
" liſhing.

" But even theſe flattering Inducements never
" thoroughly influenced my Conſent, which
" amounted but to Obedience, at laſt: For,
" tho' I was vain of his Writings, I was always
" alarmed at the Apprehenſion of ſeeing my
" own appear in Print; and had really ſome
" warm Expoſtulations with *Henry*, for ſubmit-
" ting ſeveral of my childiſh, and unguarded
" Letters, even to your Ladyſhip's Peruſal,
" whom I have Reaſon to believe my Friend,
" and, from the kind Opinion you have ſome-
" times expreſſed of me, I fear, a partial one,
" too.

" Nay, I have always had ſo humble an
" Opinion of my own Senſe and Talents, in
" this Way, that I have often been ſenſible of
" a jealous Concern, whenever *Henry* ever paid
" me any Compliment, upon this Subject; be-
" cauſe I attributed it, too juſtly, to an over-
" fond Prejudice in my Favour; a Belief framed
" from his Wiſhes; which, a little Time, and
" further Acquaintance with me, might remove:
" And I had Reaſon to apprehend, that he might
" then reflect upon me, for having loſt thoſe
" Merits,

" Merits, which I owed, ſolely, to his Kindneſs,
" and Partiality.

" Upon the whole, I confeſs, that I am ſecretly
" pleaſed at his determining not to print theſe
" Letters, leſt the publick[i] Cenſure might point
" out his too fond Miſtake, before his own
" biaſſed Criticiſm would ſuffer him to find it
" out.

" While we have the Originals, the Tranſcripts
" of our Hearts and Minds, in our Poſſeſſion, I
" think, often, with a Sort of melancholic Plea-
" ſure, of the ſolitary Amuſement, they may,
" at ſome Time, afford to the Survivor.

" *Sad Luxury! to vulgar Minds unknown,*
" which, like the inurned Aſhes, or embalmed
" Heart, would be a more valuable Relick,[k] of
" a departed Friend, than their Picture: In which
" latter Light, I ſhould look upon our Letters,
" in Print, even with my Lord's Improvements,
" and Corrections: For, tho' the Artiſt's Hand
" might give more lively Colours, higher Grace,
" and Expreſſion, to the Features, it would not
" be, to the fond Lover, ſo dear a Pledge, as
" even the dead Eſſence of the deceaſed Partner
" of our ſocial Pleaſures.[l]

" *I am,*

" *Madam,* &c."

This

This is the only Letter that I ever preſerved a Copy of, and I did it, purely, with this View, that, if theſe Writings ſhould ever, as they have ſince done, obtain in Print,[m] I might have a Voucher in my Poſſeſſion, to juſtify myſelf, to ſome particular Friends, from obtruding my weak, and artleſs Lines, upon the Publick, out of any Vanity, or Self-Sufficience, about them.

I am,

Ladies,

With great Reſpect, and Eſteem,

Your moſt humble,

and obedient Servant,

Frances.

REMARKS.

REMARKS.

[a] *Powers, that be,* is too ſcriptural a Phraſe.

[b] *You,* ſhould be *Ye.*

[c] *Galant,* ſhould be *Gallant.*

[d] *Level with themſelves,* With whom? Lordly Rulers. This is an improper Expreſſion, with ſuch a Connection.

[e] *Our* Education, and *your* chief Merit. This looks as if *Frances* was of a different Gender from the preſent Race of Ladies.

[f] *Bar.* I take this to be a poor Word, and an improper one, alſo; and I would alter the Expreſſion, thus: *Add a third*; or, *add another Cauſe.*

[g] *Marched a Volunteer.* Too Maſculine, and ſoldier-like, an Expreſſion.

[h] *Reflect upon me.* Reflect is a Verb *active.*

[i k] *Publick, Relick,* &c. are now ſpelt without a *k.*

[l] *Dead Eſſence of the deceaſed Partner of our ſocial Pleaſures,* is a Sentence of pompous Sound, and that is all.

[m] *Obtain in Print.* Obtain is *active,* and muſt have an accuſative Caſe. Suppoſe *Credit,* or *Reputation* was added.

It gives me great Satisfaction to find my Paper come off with ſuch flying Colours, and that all the Weight of Criticiſm ſhould fall on your's, which could ſo much better defend itſelf—Beſides, I turned out your Champion, with ten Times the Spirit that I ſhould have drawn a Pen, in my own Defence—I ſend you, here, a Copy of my Anſwer.

" *Dear* G——,

" I Received your very witty, polite, and flat-
" tering Letter, with regard to my *Preface*;
" and ſhall be more obliged, if you will point
" out the Inaccuracies, you hint at, in it. But,
" as I agree, with you, and all the World, *in*
" *loving* Frances *better than* Henry, I ſhall endea-
" vour to juſtify her Writings, as far as my
" Knowledge in Grammar, Criticiſm, or the
" *Engliſh* Language, can aſſiſt me, againſt the
" Notes you were ſo kind (for I receive them in
" that Senſe, I aſſure you) to make, upon her
" Dedication.

" I am ſorry that I cannot have her Aſſiſtance,
" upon this Occaſion; not to ſave me a Trouble,
" for a more agreeable Employment I cannot
" have, *in her Abſence*, than to remark upon the
" Juſtneſs, and Beauties, of her Writings; but,
" that ſhe could anſwer you like a *Claſſick*, while
" I can only defend her as a *Grammarian*.

" I

" [a] I do not think that ſcriptural Expreſſions " can be any Objection; the beſt and chaſteſt " Writers have made Uſe of them, to add a " Strength, Dignity, and Authority, to their " Stile.

" [b] *You* is a Pronoun referred to *Sex*, which " is a Noun *ſingular*, but of *Multitude*, and may " therefore be conſidered as free of both *Num-* " *bers:* But, the Rule is, " *Nomen Multitudinis* " *ſingulare*, quandoque *Verbo plurali jungitur*," " as the *Sex has*, or the *Sex have*; and the Word " *quandoque*, hints, that the Noun of Multitude " governs, *more generally*, the ſingular, than the " plural Number; which eſtabliſhes the Pronoun " *you*, in the ſingular Number, as referred to " *Sex*. But, not to inſiſt upon this Privilege, " we may conſider this Pronoun, in the Idiom " of the *Engliſh* Language, and you'll find *you*, " to govern a Verb plural, as well *as ye*. *You* " *are*, *ye are*—*You were*, *ye were*. I mean, that " this Idiom is ſo ſtrong, that it governs a Verb " plural, even where it is expreſsly tied down " to the ſingular Number; as, You *are* a good " Man, &c. *You*, and *ye*, have therefore the " ſame Import; but, in Elegance of Diction, " *you* is preferable; as it is modern *Engliſh*, and " *ye* is obſolete. Nay, *you* is not allowed, by " Grammarians, to be a Pronoun of the ſingular " Number, at all.

" [c] *Galant*

" [c] *Galant* was the Expreſſion meant, not *Gallant*. The firſt is the Epithet of a Lover; the ſecond of a Soldier. *

" [d] Surely you could not imagine that *Frances* " was ſo abſurd as to ſay, " *Sink* to a *Level* with " *Superiors, Lordly Rulers*; *quoad* Rank.—*Moral*, " not *Rank*, was the Queſtion here.

" [e] Here you take Notice of her confound- " ing the Pronouns of *our*, and *your*; and I am " particularly pleaſed at this Remark, becauſe I " confeſs that it alarmed myſelf, when firſt ſhe " ſhewed me the Manuſcript. But ſhe told me " it was Deſign, not Inadvertence; and pointed " out to me the ſame Turn of Expreſſion from " the Beginning: For, wherever ſhe pays any " Compliment to the *Sex*, ſhe modeſtly leaves " herſelf out of the Queſtion; as, " *You* were " born to Dominion — *You* reign, *&c.* —'Tis *your* " Beauty, Virtue, and Decorum." But, when " ſhe takes Occaſion to mention *her* Sex, under " any

* In the Preface to her *Ninon de L'Enclos* ſhe has this Note— " It may be obſerved throughout this Work, that I have choſen " to ſpell the Word *Galantry* with a ſingle *l*: But I have done " ſo, to diſtinguiſh the Character of a Lover from that of a " Soldier—*Galantry* in Love, from *Gallantry* in War: I con- " feſs, that I am not ſupported in this Criticiſm from either of " the Languages; for, in *Engliſh*, the Word, in either Senſe, is " ſpelt with two *l*'s, and, in *French*, it has only one: But I " thought this Orthography neceſſary to take away the Equivo- " cation, and to give the Word a Preciſion which it needed " before."

" any Sort of Diſadvantage, ſhe then humbly " aſſumes the Gender herſelf; as, " *Our* Lordly " Rulers— Sink *us* to a Level, *&c.* — Narrowneſs " of *our* Education." I confeſs that I was ſtruck, " and charmed, at the great Modeſty and Ad- " dreſs of this polite Turn of Expreſſion; tho' " ſomewhat mortified at my own Want of " Quickneſs, in not obſerving the Delicacy of " it at firſt. With what a maſterly Stroke of " the Pencil has ſhe touched a Blemiſh into a " Beauty!

" [f] *Bar* is certainly as good a Monoſyllable as " any in the *Engliſh* Language, excepting one; " and cannot be deemed an *improper* Word, " as there is *no other* to expreſs the ſame Senſe. " Nor would your Alteration mend the Paſſage; " for, if ſhe ſhould ſay *a third*, ſhe would be " called upon for a Subſtantive; and " *another* " *Cauſe*" might be challenged alſo, in ſtrict Phi- " loſophy; which will not admit a *negative* Effect " to be produced by a *poſitive* Cauſe. The Word " *Bar* is free from this Objection.

" [g] If you find Fault with this Paſſage, What " will become of the amorous Poets? Your " *wounded* Lovers, and your *dying* Swains;

" Who bleed in Metaphor, and die in Song?"

" *Cupid*

" *Cupid* is ſtript of his *Arrows*; *Viduus Pharetrâ*;
" and the faireſt Eyes are deprived of their *Ar-*
" *tillery:* But Images, which would offend the
" natural Sight, may be viewed with Pleaſure,
" thro' the *ſmoked Glaſs* of Metaphor: And
" *Galantry* may raiſe Recruits from *Gallantry*, as
" *Venus* did from *Mars*, without the Sound of
" Trumpet, or the Beat of Drum: But, to
" *march a Volunteer*" is certainly a military Phraſe;
" and, if I comprehend the Spirit of that Paſ-
" ſage, ſhe meant it literally ſo. Her modeſt
" Diffidence imputed *Amazonian* Courage to any
" Woman, who could, *voluntarily*, publiſh her
" own Writings.

" [h] To *reflect*, in Mechanicks, is a Verb active;
" but, in Logick, a Verb neuter, and does not
" require an accuſative Caſe. To *object* is a Verb
" of the ſame Diſtinction.

" [i k] The *k* may be omitted in Manuſcript;
" but I have not yet obſerved it to be left out in
" correct Printing. *Frances* is a remarkable Or-
" thographer; and, unleſs that *Letter* is expunged
" from *Johnſon*'s Dictionary, I am afraid we ſhall
" not be able to wreſt it from her.

" [l] Your Objection ſeems to lye againſt this
" whole Sentence; for, if there is nothing in it
" but Pompouſneſs, or, as a certain Friend of
" mine would expreſs it, *a pompous Pompoſity of*
" *Pompouſneſs*, it may be intirely left out; but
" this would make Nonſenſe of the Paſſage; and

" even

" even Bombaſt is better: Therefore all I ſup-
" poſe you require is, to ſhorten the Sentence,
" and expreſs it with more Simplicity. Now,
" let us try the firſt. You cannot leave out one
" of the *Subſtantives*, without rendering the Senſe
" imperfect; nor can you reject an *Adjective*,
" without loſing a Beauty or a Preciſion. The
" Epithet *dead* was added in Oppoſition to *Pic-*
" *ture*, which is a lively Repreſentation of the
" Perſon: Beſides, the *Eſſence*, without a Re-
" ſtriction, may be the Perſon alive; which was
" not intended. If you leave out *deceaſed*, the
" *Partner* may be ſtill alive, notwithſtanding the
" *dead Eſſence*; for that might have been the Aſhes
" of a Leg or an Arm. *Pleaſure* has no Preciſion
" without the Adjunct: There are beaſtly, vi-
" cious, and unnatural Pleaſures; but this Epi-
" thet reſtrains them to a virtuous Senſe; to the
" chaſte, temperate, and moral Enjoyments of
" Love, Friendſhip, and Converſe; or, as *Per-*
" *ſius* very poetically deſcribes this happy, ſocial
" Life,

" *Tecum etenim longos memini conſumere ſoles,*
" *Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes:*
" *Unum opus, et requiem pariter diſponimus ambo,*
" *Atque verecunda laxamus ſeria menſa.*"

" But,

" But, ſince we cannot reduce the Periphraſis, " by leaving out any Word in the Sentence, let " us try how we can expreſs the ſame Senſe with " greater Simplicity; and I really know of no " Way to effect this favourite Point, but by " throwing out the intire Paſſage you object to, " and ſubſtituting the ſingle and familiar Word " *Corpſe*, in the Place of it. This would, indeed, " render it both *ſhort* and *ſimple*; but let us ſee " how it would ſtand upon this Amendment— " For, tho' the Artiſt's Skill might give more " lively Colours, higher Grace, and Expreſſion " to the Features, it would not be, to the fond " Lover, ſo dear a Pledge as the — *Corpſe*. Oh! " crown the Writer with *Roſemary* inſtead of " *Bays*."

" A certain ingenious Perſon, who is himſelf a " Writer, was enamoured of this whole Paper; " and, upon this Paſſage, concludes his Re- " marks in theſe Words — " The laſt Period is " truly elegiac, and finely turned; and any Rea- " der muſt feel it, who has either Ear or Senti- " ment."

" [m] *Obtain* is not a Verb active; 'tis a Depo- " nent, and has the Privilege of either an active " or a neuter Signification, as the Writer may " have Occaſion to uſe it. The Verb itſelf does " not claim this Property as its inherent Right, " but the *Uſus*, the *Norma*, of our Idiom, ad- " mits it.

" I hope you will not take any Thing amiſs, " in Friendſhip, that I have ſaid here; for, in " ſuch Warfare as this, as in a Trial of Fencing, " *Hit for Hit* ſhould raiſe no Reſentment.

" *Dear* G——,

" *Adieu!*

" *Henry* on *Frances.*

" *P. S.* The Thought upon my Picture, I am " very certain I never met with any where; and " ſince I received your Letter, I have been recol- " lecting whether I had ever read any Lines, which " even turned upon the ſame Point. The only " Paſſage that occurred to me was,

" So *Orpheus* fiddled, and ſo danc'd the Brutes."

" This has, indeed, the ſame Kind of epigram- " matical Wit in it; but is no more the ſame " Thought, than Painting and Muſick are the " ſame Science.

" I "

LETTER

LETTER CCCCV.

My dear CHAMPION,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the generous Defence you have taken on my Part: And I really think that you write with double Spirit, either to, or of, me. This is very flattering! But it really ſurprizes me to find that I have written ſo learnedly, myſelf, without the leaſt Conſciouſneſs of the Matter — *Pronouns*, *Idioms*, *Verbs active*, *neuter*, and *deponent* — I am ready to cry out with the *Ignoramus* in *Moliere*, — "Oh "*Gemini!* and do I talk *Proſe?*" All I meant, in Truth, was to ſpeak ſuch Language as I had picked up in common Reading and Converſation; *and further this* Deponent *knows not.*

It vexes me extremely, that there is no Body near me, who underſtands *Greek* or *Latin*; for, I dare ſay, that the Spirit you ſhew in *Engliſh* is not dropt when you apply the learned Languages. However, thoſe Paſſages, that the Hurry of your Writing forces ſometimes into your Letters to me, are not intirely loſt to my illiterate Comprehenſion: Either the Strength of your Stile renders Quotation a needleſs Auxiliary, or I catch your Fire; and Imagination ſupplies a *Succedaneum* (there's a brave hard Word for you, that I learned from my Apothecary) to Tranſlation. Your

Citations are introduced with ſuch Addreſs, they may be compared to the Countenance of Men of Wit, which impreſs their Character before they ſpeak. Your Writing is not narrative; 'tis the Action itſelf; and even an Hint from you, like another's Geſture, expreſſes a full Meaning. Oh! that I had but Talents to render me as accompliſhed, as you are capable of making me!

Adieu! my *Abelard.*

Your own *Eloiſe.*

LETTER CCCCXVI.

My charming ELOISE,

I Received your *Chef d'Œuvre.* — You catch Fire, according to your own Expreſſion, at Couſin *G*———'s Letter; and have more than equalled the Wit of it. You have imitated the Spirit of his Writing; that is, *ye* have both wrote, after the beſt Manner of the Antients. Let us collate two Paſſages — He compares, I bluſh to repeat it, my Writing to Intuition: *'Tis Thoughts, not Words, we read* — You ſay, *'tis not narrative, 'tis the Action itſelf.* There are two parallel Paſſages more — *G*——— ſays, *I wiſh I had ſuch Ideas,*

Ideas, and ſuch Apparel: And you cry out, with the ſame *modeſt Injuſtice, Oh! that I had but Talents*, &c. while I may, in Return, with much more Truth affirm, that there is more Wit and Spirit in either of theſe Letters, than there is in Forty of mine.

Yeſterday I heard two curious Criticiſms, one upon your *Dedication*, and the other upon my *Preface*.—Your Aunt ſaid, that Men will reſent your calling them *Slaves*, "muſt firſt be made "*Slaves* before they can be reclaimed;" and, underſtanding this Expreſſion literally, ſaid, it would hurt the Subſcription. I told her, that ſhe certainly read this Paſſage with Spectacles on; and had quite forgot the metaphorical Speech of Lovers. Thus ſome People read! It vexes me, when I find any of your Writings fall into ſuch Hands. There is a certain Delicacy in your Sentiment, and a poliſhed Turn in your Stile, that the ſoundeſt Judgment, without an elegant Taſte, is not capable of perceiving the Beauty of. It is not ſufficient that your Readers ſhould have Senſe and Wit; to *feel* your Writings, the Heart muſt be tender, the Morals chaſte, and the Soul refined; for they may be compared to certain rich Eſſences, which affect only the fineſt Capillaries.

Here I confeſs, honeſtly, that this laſt Paragraph was a *Puſh* I made at *G*———, and you; but I have fallen ſhort of the Mark, tho' I made the Thruſt with all my Spite.

In my *Preface* I ſay, "The Hiſtory of our "Loves is the Hiſtory of our Lives:" It ſeems that I ſhould have ſaid, our *paſt* Lives; for Fear, I ſuppoſe, that it ſhould be miſtaken for our *future*; but even this would be no great Blunder; for I hope, and believe, that our future, as well as paſt and preſent, will make but one Life with regard to this Particular. Did you ever hear ſuch a Criticiſm!

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXVII.

My dear HARRY,

I HAVE been highly treated here by our Friend, with the Liberty of peruſing a Volume of Poems in Manuſcript. There are a great many pretty and ingenious Things in it; but the incloſed is the one which hit my Taſte the moſt, from the platonic Refinement of it.

Frances.

THE POWER AND EXTENT OF MUSICK.

JUSTLY may Man the tuneful Strains admire,
His Soul is Muſick, and his Breaſt a Lyre;
A living Harp, which, while its Notes agree,
Enjoys the Sweets of its own Harmony:
For even Paſſions, when attun'd, we find
Symphonic Parts of a well temper'd Mind.
The rough, the ſmooth, the ſanguine, and the gay,
In Concert join, when wound to proper Key.
What charms the Soul, what raviſhes the Ear,
Is Muſick, tho' a various Dreſs they wear:

Even Beauty Muſick is, tho' in Diſguiſe,
Too fine to touch the Ear, it ſtrikes the Eyes;
Thence thro' the optic Nerve it makes its Way,
Thrills on the Soul, and trembles in the Ray.
Beauty is like the Muſick of the Spheres,
Which wondering Man admires, but never hears.
Love, then, is Muſick, form'd by heavenly Art,
To move the Chords which vibrate round the Heart,
When *Mira*'s Charms thro' the fond Fancy roll,
Sooth the ſoft Senſe, and captivate the Soul.
Thus, too, what flows from the poetic Vein
Is Muſick, varied only in the Strain;
For the ſame Muſe, that ſtrikes the tuneful String,
At the ſame Time, does Love, and Heroes, ſing;
And the ſame God, who darts ætherial Fire,
Inſpires the Poet, and attunes the Lyre:
Nor do the Notes leſs ſweetly meet in Time,
Than gliding Numbers flow in liquid Rhime.
Let other Arts in ſenſeleſs Matter reign,
Mimic in Braſs or with mixt Colours ſtain,
Muſick can Man, the mighty Artiſt, rule,
As long as that has Numbers, he a Soul.

LETTER CCCCXVIII.

My dear FANNY,

I Received the Poem, and agree with you, that it is a pretty Thing.—But your Judgment, in this Matter, is more to be depended on than mine; for you know my Paſſion for Muſick to be ſo great, that I ſhould reliſh any Manner of Compliment that was paid to it.

" The *Man* that has no Muſick in his Soul,
" And is not moved with Concord of ſweet Sound,
" Is fit for Treaſons, Stratagems, and Spoils."

Obſerve, my Love, that *Shakeſpeare* ſpeaks only of *the Man* — not a Word of *the Woman*; — ſo that the Sentence does not ſtand againſt you, who confeſs yourſelf to have no particular Paſſion for Muſick. — You defend yourſelf, indeed, tolerably well, by ſaying, that you have no Knowledge in it: And I think with you, that moſt of the enthuſiaſtic Admirers, who are quite ignorant of the Science, do but feign Raptures, which their Soul ne'er felt. 'Tis an elegant Taſte; and they, who pretend to the *bon ton*, muſt affect it. A thouſand People ſpeak of Love, too, in the ſame Way; and not above ten of them, Men or Women, ever knew any

Thing of the Matter — But 'tis enough that they have heard of *la belle Paſſion*, and ſo they talk one another into it.

But, to return to Muſick.— As the Moderns are apt to pretend Raptures they feel not, What are we to ſay to the Antients, who impute Powers to it, which we are quite Strangers to? You know my uſual Way of ſolving all ſuch Difficulties as theſe, which is to deny the Fact. The Story of *David* and *Saul* we are bound to believe; but thoſe of *Timotheus*, *Cæcilia*, the diuretic Strains of a certain Muſician of a King of *Arragon*, *&c.* being no more Articles of Faith, than the Accounts of *Orpheus* and *Amphion*, we are left to the full Liberty of Philoſophy, to ſummon before the Tribunal of Reaſon.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXIX.

My dear FANNY,

Dublin.

THESE two Mornings have been the moſt beautiful I have ever ſeen. This, I am ſorry to ſay, muſt be News to you; for I dare affirm, that I had rode twenty Miles, each Day, before you had oped "the fringed Curtains of "thine Eye." The moſt delightful Seaſon of Life ſteals by you unmarked. Morning is the Youth of the Day; Noon and Night but Manhood and Old Age.

But lying in Bed is not only unpleaſant, but unwholeſome alſo. It not only ſhortens the Day, but haſtens the Night. Which ſtrikes me ſo ſtrongly, at preſent, that I think I may literally pronounce *Early Hours to be a Reprieve from Death.*

There is no Manner of Excuſe for this in the World; for even the Sluggard can get up ſooner than an early Riſer. 'Tis never the leſs true for being a Paradox. The one has allotted a due Proportion of Time for Sleep; and, ſhould he ſhorten it by an Hour, his Reſt would be deficient, and Nature defrauded of her Quota: But the Sluggard, having no Rule to ſnore by, when awakened even at the lateſt Hour, wiſhes, as *Solomon* ſays, "a little more folding of the

"Arms

" Arms to ſleep :" Therefore, as 'tis Lazineſs, and not Nature, which ſuch an one has to ſtruggle with, he would certainly find the Strife no greater at Six o'Clock in the Morning than at Twelve. Take an Adage : *Learn to riſe before it is too late.*

This is not the firſt Letter you have had from me upon this Subject. I have wrote many, and always thought, hoped, at leaſt, that the laſt would be *the laſt.* *

There have been half a Dozen new Streets built ſince I was here laſt. This is an amazing City for the Smallneſs of the Kingdom — Is it a Kingdom ? — And the Contraction of our Trade. The Environs about it, too, to the Extent of four or five Miles, are ſet thick with Country Seats, which is apt to alarm one. Moſt Citizens undo themſelves by building Villa's — They have often two Houſes before they can well maintain one. Might not the Text of " A Houſe divided " againſt itſelf," be very applicable here. But the Jovialneſs of their Diſpoſitions ſerves to keep up their Spirits to the laſt ; and they may be compared to Perſons in a Decay, which is viſible to every one but themſelves.

* See Letter XLVII. the two laſt Paragraphs of Letter CCIV. and the Whole of Letter CCVI. Second Edition.

Mr.

Mr. ——— has carried off Miſs ———. The Air of the Thing, I ſuppoſe, has flattered his Vanity; but he'll be diſappointed; for, when an old Fellow debauches a young Woman, he ſhould not be dignified even with the Title of *a Rake*, but called *a Pimp for Poſterity* only.

All your Friends here are well, and impatient for you. They think you are not half idle enough in the Country, as Neighbourhoods lye at ſuch a Diſtance there, that 'tis poſſible you have ſome Hours to yourſelf, in *a Morning*, at leaſt; but I had Good-Nature enough to render them perfectly eaſy on that Head, by telling them, that you ſeldom get up before *Noon*.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXX.

Dear FANNY,

I SPENT Yeſterday Evening at Mrs. ——'s, in Company with Mr. —— her *Engliſh* Friend, whom ſhe uſed to ſpeak of ſo highly. 'Tis a Diſadvantage to be ſet up — The more you elevate an Object, the leſs it appears — He is certainly accompliſhed — He has Knowledge, Learning, and Politeneſs—But then, one quickly perceives that he is but a *factitious*, or *made up Man*—He has no *Originality* in him, no genuine Senſe or Stroke of Genius—A meer Copy from the Modes and Manners of the Times — A well inſtructed Parrot only.

I had an Opportunity of comparing him with our favourite *Charles S*——, who was there, whoſe Mind is very little informed; and conſequently, while we ſpoke upon Subjects, was generally ſilent; but, whenever the Argument happened to be an Object of natural Senſe, or uneducated Taſte, he appeared to riſe ſuperior to the Scholar.

The Difference between Underſtanding and Learning may be compared to the genuine and adventitious Flavours of Wine, which are quickly diſtinguiſhed by a good Palate.

This

This Morning a Duel was fought in the Park, between Captain *L*——— and Mr. *D*———; in which the former was killed on the Spot. The Quarrel aroſe, laſt Night, at the Aſſembly. They ſay Captain *L*——— was to blame, but was not ſober. He was ſenſible of his Behaviour in the Morning, and would have made every Apology that a Man of Honour ought; but Mr. *K*———, Mr. *D*———'s Second, who took upon him to play the Mareſchal on this Occaſion, inſiſted on ſuch Submiſſions, as, it ſeems, no Man, who has the King's Commiſſion in his Pocket, can comply with. Mr. *K*——— is extremely condemned: I dare ſay he has undergone his own Cenſure, many Hours ago, upon this unhappy Occaſion. When ſhall the Reign of *Goths*, and *Gotham*, ceaſe, in this Kingdom.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXI.

My dear HARRY,

I HAVE had the Satisfaction to ſee my Wiſh ſucceed, as you may find, by your Eſſay on the Life of Man, being taken Notice of in the incloſed Chronicle *. I ſhewed it to our Friends here, and they read it with the ſame Coldneſs they have both of them ever received any Manner of Compliment they have heard paid to either of our literary Merits.

This has often ſurprized me. Envy, in Rivalſhips, is natural; but, where Talents don't interfere, 'tis unaccountable. Shall a General be jealous of a Biſhop, becauſe he is a great Divine? Or the Parſon of the Officer, becauſe he is an able Commander?

Neither of theſe good People ever wrote a Line, or pretended to any Sort of Merit, if 'tis one, of that Kind. Your Talents are not very likely to make you a Knight of the Shire; nor can mine, ſuppoſing, for Argument, I had any, ever render me handſome. Their ſeveral Pretenſions, then, are ſafe enough, for us. Why, therefore,

* See laſt Paragraph of Letter CCCCIX.

therefore, this Coldneſs in the one, and Malignity in the other? It ſhocks me to find ſuch an unmeaning Vice, or Weakneſs, in human Nature.

Farewel!

Frances.

P. S. When will you return? I only mean, when will your Buſineſs ſuffer you to leave Town.

The Paper in the Chronicle, *here alluded to, was the following.*

N° 450.

THE Writings of Philoſophers, with the Faith of *Chriſtians*, are admirable, to reconcile us to the Fatality of Death; but the Irkſomeneſs and Inconveniences of *Old Age* have ever remained a Grievance on our Minds as well as Bodies; becauſe the Expediency, or Advantages, of it, were by no Means obvious: Nor do I remember to have ſeen this difficult Subject ever touched upon by the Ingenious or the Learned, before I met with your Correſpondent's Letter, ſigned R. G. N° 432. where he places this Point in a certain philoſophic Light, which appears to me both juſt and new; and has made me perfectly acquieſce in my preſent *wintry Analogy*, tho'

I confeſs myſelf to have been, for ſome Year paſt, one of thoſe impatient Grumblers at this unhappy Predicament, whom he enters into Argument with.

The reading of that Paper has brought the following ingenious Writing into my Mind, which I picked up, ſometime ago, from one of the public Prints, and laid it by, becauſe I thought it well worthy of the beſt Library.

There is a Reflection, indeed, in the laſt Paragraph upon *Gifts*, which, tho' very juſt in itſelf, ſeems to have no Sort of Place in this Writing. *Non erat his Locus.* However, I have let it ſtand, as I have no Right over another Perſon's Compoſition.

I do not ſend it to you as on the ſame Subject with the Eſſay of *R. G.* But you will eaſily ſee what made it occur to me, while I was reading that.

ON TIME.

THE natural Advantages, which ariſe from the Poſition of the Earth we inhabit, with reſpect to the other Planets, afford much Employment to Mathematical Speculation; by which it has been diſcovered, that no other Conſtruction of the Syſtem could have given ſuch commodious Diſtributions of Light and Heat, or have imparted Fertility and Pleaſure to ſo great a Part of a revolving Sphere.

It

It may, perhaps, be obſerved by the Moraliſt, with equal Reaſon, that our Globe ſeems particularly fitted for the Reſidence of a Being, placed here for a ſhort Time only, whoſe Taſk is to advance himſelf to an higher and happier State of Exiſtence, by unremitted Vigilance of Caution, and Activity of Virtue.

The Duties, required of Man, are ſuch as human Nature does not willingly perform; and ſuch as thoſe are inclined to delay, who yet intend, ſometime or other, to fulfil them. It was therefore neceſſary that this univerſal Reluctance ſhould be counteracted, and the Drowſineſs of Heſitation awakened into Reſolve; that the Danger of Procraſtination ſhould be always in View; and the Fallacies of Security be immediately detected.

To this End all the Appearances of Nature, uniformly conſpire. Whatever we ſee, on every Side, reminds us of the Lapſe of Time, and the Flux of Life. The Day and Night ſucceed each other; the Rotation of Seaſons diverſifies the Year; the Sun riſes, attains the Meridian, declines and ſets; and the Moon, every Night, changes its Form.

The Day has been conſidered as an Image of the Year; and the Year as a Repreſentation of Life. The Morning anſwers to the Spring; the Spring to Childhood, and Youth. The Noon correſponds to the Summer; the Summer to the

Strength

Strength of Manhood. The Evening is an Emblem of Autumn; and the Autumn of declining Life. The Night, with its Silence, and Darkneſs, ſhews the Winter, in which all the Powers of Vegetation are benumbed; and the Winter points out the Time when Life ſhall ceaſe, with all its Hopes, and Pleaſures.

He that is carried forward, however ſwiftly, by a Motion equable and eaſy, perceives not the Change of Place, but by the Variation of Objects. If the Wheel of Life, which rolls thus ſilently along, paſſed on through undiſtinguiſhed Uniformity, we ſhould never mark its Approaches to the End of the Courſe. If one Hour were like another; if the Paſſage of the Sun did not ſhew that the Day was waſting; if the Change of Seaſons did not impreſs upon us the Flight of the Year; Quantities of Duration, equal to Days, and Years, would glide imperceptibly away. If the Parts of Time were not variouſly coloured, we ſhould never diſcern their Departure, or Succeſſion, but live thoughtleſs of the paſt, and careleſs of the future, without Will, or perhaps without Power to compute the Periods of Life, or to compare the Time which is already loſt, with that which may probably remain.

But, the Courſe of Time is ſo viſibly marked, that it is even obſerved by the *Birds of Paſſage*, and by Nations that have raiſed their Minds but very little above Animal Inſtinct. There are

human

human Beings, whoſe Language does not ſupply them with Words by which they can number Four: But I have read of none that have not Names for Day, and Night; for Summer, and Winter.

Yet, it is certain, that theſe Admonitions of Nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many, who mark with much accuracy the Courſe of Time, appear to have but little Senſibility of the Decline of Life. Every Man has ſomething to do, which he neglects: Every Man has Faults to conquer, which he delays to combat.

So little do we accuſtom ourſelves to conſider the Effects of Time, that Things neceſſary and certain often ſurprize us, like unexpected Contingencies. We leave the Beauty in her Bloom, and, after an Abſence of twenty Years, wonder, at our Return, to find her faded. We meet thoſe whom we left Children, and can ſcarcely perſuade ourſelves to treat them as Men. The Traveller viſits, in Age, thoſe Countries thro' which he rambled in his Youth, and hopes for Merriment, at the old Place. The Man of Buſineſs, wearied with unſatisfactory Proſperity, retires to the Village of his Nativity, and expects to play away the laſt Years, with the Companions of his Childhood; and to recover Youth, in the Fields where he once was young.

From

From this Inattention, ſo general, and ſo dangerous, let it be every Man's Study to exempt himſelf. Let him, that deſires to ſee others happy, make Haſte to give, while the Benefit can be enjoyed; and remember that every Moment of Delay takes away ſomething from the Value of his Bounty. And let him, who purpoſes his own Happineſs, reflect, that, while he forms his Purpoſe, the Days rolls on, and the Night cometh, when no Man can work.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXII.

My dearest FANNY,

I HAVE read the Chronicle you sent me, and am extremely pleased with the very ingenious Essay *on Time*. The Thoughts are truly philosophic, and the Stile, in general, nervous, and pointed. I think there is rather a little too much of a Dictionary Stiffness, in some Parts of the Language. I have wrote a Letter to the Chronicle, upon this Subject, of which I send you a Copy, inclosed.

Adieu!

Henry.

To the London Chronicle.

I AM obliged to your Correspodent, No. 450. who pays a Compliment to my *Essay on the Life of Man*. I suppose, that the Passage, in my Paper, which made him recollect the other, *on Time*, was the Parallel between the Year, and Man's Life; which Allusion happens to be in both.

But, then, I do not think that the ingenious *Anonymous* is critical enough, in his Division of Life, in Reference to the Seasons; for, by crouding Infancy and Youth into one Period, he has left

left Winter without any Analogy, except Death; which is not a *State*, tho' it is a *Condition* of Life.

Infancy is analogous to the Spring, when the Fruits of the Earth germinate, ſwell, flower, and knit; Youth to Summer, when they ripen, take their ſeveral Tints, and Flavours; Manhood to Autumn, to the gathering together, and *inning* the Harveſt; and Seneſcence to Winter, a Vacation from Labour, and dedicated to the mutual Hoſpitality of our ſeveral Hoards, *Vitâ priore frui*; while we, thro' thickening Shades, with ſtedfaſt Hopo, look forward, and, by ſtrengthened Faith, chear up the dreary Scene, with Gleams of future Æra.

Your Correſpondent's Remark, upon the laſt Paragraph, is very juſt; that the Reflection, which the Writer makes in that Place, is, indeed, very proper, conſidered apart; for *a Preſent* is the only Generoſity; *a Legacy* is only giving what is no longer our's; but, then, this Sentiment might be as well inſerted in any other Writing, as in that Eſſay.

However, the Thought which runs thro' the Whole, is both philoſophic, intereſting, and ingenious; the Conduct of it admirable; and the Author, whoever he is, ſeems to have great Merits, as a Writer.

R. G.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXIII.

Dear FANNY,

I WAS not well for the laſt Week I ſtayed in *Dublin*. My *peculiar* Cholic returned upon me, attended with a Dizzineſs; both of which, I ſuppoſe, proceeded from the ſame Cauſe — An unperforming Stomach. I did not mention any Thing of this to you before; nor ſhould I do it now, if the Air and Exerciſe of my Journey hither had not perfectly reſtored me to Health and Spirits again. What an imperfect and unſatisfactory State is human Nature, where the very Delicacies of Friendſhip betray us to Inſincerity!

Our Friend here paſſes his Time as uſual, walking all the Morning in Contemplation about his Parks; and reading, in his Chamber, all the Evening.—From ſuch a Manner of Life one might naturally expect to find the Reaſon improved, and the Mind informed. — But to read much, without Study, and to think a great deal, without Reflection, only renders a Perſon, as in this Caſe, and many others within my Knowledge, a more illiterate Dunce.

But this Object affords me even a greater Diſappointment than what I have juſt mentioned. Might one not reaſonably imagine, that a conſtant Habit of Thought, and Reading, would calm the Paſſions, and moderate the Temper, at leaſt? 'Tis quite the Reverſe with him: He grows more impatient every Day; and the moſt indifferent Things in Nature rouſe his Reſentment. One would fancy he meant to found a Character upon Diſcontent, and arrogate to himſelf a certain Dignity, on the Qualities of a Cabbin Cur.

But, not to dwell too long on the Back-ſide of the Canvas, let me do Juſtice to his Merits at the ſame Time. You know, then, as well as I, ſo I need only hint at, his many and frequent *Charities*, in the moſt comprehenſive Senſe of the Word, his Alms, his Gifts, his Acts of Friendſhip and Benevolence.

One feels extremely aukward not to be able to love a Perſon, who forces us to eſteem them. Thoſe, who have Virtues and Vices in Oppoſition, may be compared to an Egg ſtrong one Way, and weak another. A Conceit winds up a Letter better than an Argument, ſo let us quit the Subject.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXIV.

My Dear FANNY,

I WAS arreſted this Morning, on my Road to you, by a ſevere Shower, which obliged me to *croſs over*, *and figure in*, here, to dry myſelf. This led on to ſome other Refreſhments of Meat and Drink; and you know the Misfortune of my Stomach, that I dare not ſtir after Dinner, for Fear of awaking my Cholic.

Our charming *Hottentot* is at Home, and was very active in airing a Change of Linnen for me, and would have ſtaid by, while I ſhifted, if I had permitted it. Her Father never afforded her any Manner of polite Education; and her Mother, you know, was incapable of making the poor Girl the leaſt Amends that Way; and ſhe is, now, at the dangerous Criſis of Fifteen, in a perfect State of uneducated, tho' happily, at the ſame Time, of uncorrupted Nature. There is a Frankneſs in her Manners, with a *Naïveté* in her Expreſſions, that both charms and alarms one at once.

Momus need deſire no Windows to her Breaſt, for every Thing ſhe has yet thought, or felt, you may know, even without aſking. She is a ſpeculative Subject for a Philoſopher; but a more charming practical one, for a Lover of

true Delicacy and Honour. She is capable, yet, of being trained to all the Decorums, and guarded Manners, of female Education; for ſhe has quick Apprehenſion, with great Ameneableneſs and Attention: And her Nature is rich in Charity, Humanity, and Benevolence.

What a flattering Reflection would it be to think, that this Girl was a *genuine* Sample of the human Race! — But I have ſo little Dependence upon ſuch an *Hypotheſis*, that I confeſs I am glad that this good Couple have no more female Patterns to exhibit to the Speculation of the curious. The Son, indeed, has had as little Education as his Siſter; but then he has had the *Advantage* of being bred a Fox-hunter, which makes that Deficiency neither lamented by himſelf, nor of Conſequence to others.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXV.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE had great Amuſement, in your Abſence, theſe three Days. I am made a *Confidente*.—Miſs ——— has let me into the Secret of Mr. ———'s Addreſſes to her. I ſuſpected their liking each other for ſome Time paſt; and, ſince he has made a Declaration of his Paſſion, ſhe does not ſcruple to confeſs her own.

What gave me the firſt Hint of this Amour, on her Part, was the ſudden Improvement there appeared in her about a Month ſince. She grew not only lively, but much more ſenſible and apprehenſive than before. Paſſion is a vaſt Improvement to ſlow and phlegmatic Natures. *Love not only renders us happy, but wiſe; for the Flame in the Heart ſends up a Blaze that enlightens the Mind.* Would not this make a ſhining Figure among the *faux Brillants?* It might rank well enough with many *French* Sentiments that I have heard commended.

But I am more anxious about the Succeſs of this Amour, than about the Tinſel of this Conceit. I think they *may* be happy; for, to ſay they *will*, would, perhaps, be too much Preſumption. They ſtile Marriage a Lottery— But this is, I am afraid, too favourable a Symbol of that State. The Scar-

city of Prizes, indeed, makes the only Parallel; for the Reverſe are generally rather *Blots* than *Blanks*. I ſpeak this, thank God, from the *ſafe Experience* of others Ills.

Tomorrow Mr. —— is to make his Propoſals, in Form, to her Father; and we attend, with Impatience, the Event. The old Fellow is a capricious Man; he is a fond, but uncomfortable Parent; and unhappily, perhaps, for the Girl, has no Wife to humanize him to female Feelings.

We ſhall communicate the reſt of our Novel to you as it occurs. If any Difficulties ſhould ariſe, you'll be very uſeful to us, as you have admirable Reſources and Expedients upon all extraordinary Emergencies.

I mentioned this to Miſs ——, and ſhe ſeemed frightened, ſaying, that you were too grave and wiſe to be admitted into our Cabinet Council — "*Cato*'s a pretty Fellow to tell a Love Tale to"— But I made her quite eaſy on that Head, by aſſuring her, that you were never *grave* in your Life, except in *Jeſt*: And, as for your Wiſdom, it was rather that of Nature than of Philoſophy; and was therefore more indulgent than ſevere.

Adieu! my Huſband.

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXVI.

My dear HARRY,

OUR Novel, it ſeems, is not to end either ſo ſimply, or ſo ſoon, as we had vainly imagined. The Father's Anſwer is worthy of being recorded:— "He had no Manner of Objection to "the Match, but two — That he could neither "ſpare his Daughter, nor her Fortune."

He explained himſelf by ſaying, that he was an old Man, and a Widower, conſequently helpleſs, and melancholic, when alone; that, if his Daughter ſhould leave him, he muſt neceſſarily purchaſe ſome Comforts and Conveniencies for his Age and Infirmities, which muſt unavoidably leſſen his Daughter's Portion.

This Account we received, Yeſterday Evening, from Mr. ———, by Letter. Miſs ——, beſides her primary Concern, reſents his not coming himſelf. It certainly was not very heroic, I muſt confeſs; but it was prudent however. It might have led him into ſome Engagements, which would have been extremely inconvenient. He wants Money, immediately, to clear his little Eſtate, and cannot afford to *purchaſe a Wife*; which this would be doing in Effect. The young Man was bred an Attorney.

I pity her, however; but am much obliged to her for being ſo utterly incapable of any ſentimental Concern. 'Tis ſome Conſolation to the *Confidente*, at leaſt, to think that any other Huſband would make her full Amends for her Diſappointment. Far differently did I feel, when my unhappy favourite *Jenny* —— told me her affecting Story. I feel for her ſtill, and ſhall ever do ſo. She is compleatly wretched for Life. Not even the Return of the Renegade Lover, would retrieve her. The Delicacy of her Sentiment, her Picque, her Pride, her Reſentment, would all oppoſe the Reunion. And what a *ſpiritleſs Succedaneum*, according to your own Expreſſion *, would any other Man be!

Rouſſeau ſays, very ingeniouſly, and juſtly too, that, " to a Woman who truly loves, there is no " *Man* in the World: For the Object is *more*, " and every other *leſs*.

Adieu!

Frances.

* Letter CCIII. Second Edition, laſt Paragraph but one.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXVII.

Dear FANNY,

I Received your Letters upon the Subject of the Love-Affair. I know the Father to be an ingenious falſe Reaſoner. I heard him once ſay, I think you were by, at the Time, that a Man could anſwer it, to the Laws of God and Man, to keep his Daughter unmarried during his own Life, if he wanted the Uſe of her Fortune, her Society, or Attendance upon him; and that ſhe would be guilty of Sin to diſpoſe of herſelf, ever ſo much to her own Advantage, without her Father's Conſent.

That *a Man* ſhould forſake Father and Mother, and cleave to his Wife, he allowed to be good Scripture; but denied that the like Injunction had been laid upon *a Woman:* Or, if it had, ſaid he, her Duty does not commence till ſhe becomes a Wife; and, as the Duty of a Daughter is prior, ſhe cannot enter into any ſecond Obligation, without a voluntary Releaſe from the firſt.

The Difference you diſtinguiſh in your Compaſſion is natural enough to you — perhaps not to others. You have a greater Simpathy with Sentiment, than with Appetite. Therefore, in pitying the tender and delicate *Jenny*, you ſuffer

for yourſelf. But, to view this Subject in the calm Light of Philoſophy, might not our preſent Object be reflected upon with rather more Rays of Compaſſion than the former? Is not a Child's Grief, for the Loſs of his Dinner, more ſincere than a Man's? In Proportion as our Reaſon improves, and our Sentiment refines, the Poignancy of Diſappointment appears more blunt.

There is an alleviating Reſource, a Kind of ſelf-ſoothing Conſolation, in the very Diſtreſſes of delicate Minds, the Refinement of which would be but poorly exchanged for

The broadeſt Mirth unfeeling Folly wears.

But the Diſappointment of meer natural Appetite has no Reſource, no Alleviation. How much more to be pitied, then! But 'tis not, alas! from ſuch as you that ſhe is to expect Conſolation.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXVIII.

My dear HARRY,

THE Character you give to the old Brute, of *an ingenious falſe Reaſoner*, more properly belongs to yourſelf, than to any other Perſon in the World. Your laſt Letter is a Proof of it. A Stranger would not know which to be moſt angry at, the *Caſuiſt* or the *Philoſopher*: But I am only ſurpriſed that ſo great a Sophiſter as you have always been, in Jeſt, ſhould be able to confine themſelves to ſuch ſtrict Logic, as you ever do, in Earneſt.

I ſhall amuſe myſelf ſome Time, more, at Leiſure, with recollecting, and writing down, the many Paradoxes I have heard you propoſe, and maintain, in my Life: Such as,

Coquets have generally that Security, which *Solomon* attributes to *a Multitude of Councellors*.

Always ride a ſtarting Horſe cloſe by the Precipice.

A Man in Love ſhould eat more than another Perſon; for, having loſt his Heart, he has the more Room for Beef and Pudding.

And ſo forth. I am ſure the Collection would make a large Volume.

The

The diſconſolate Fair is gone Home to her Father: He ſent for her this Morning; and the poor Girl really looked ſo diſmally, at parting, that one might imagine ſhe was going to be *gathered to her Fathers*, in the Scripture Senſe of the Expreſſion.

The infidel Uſe that ſuch Caſuiſts as her Father ſometimes make of the ſacred Text, is extremely ſhocking. When the Ducheſs of *Mazarin* propoſed to her Huſband, to ſubmit the tedious, expenſive, and vexatious Suit, about her Alimony, to a *Référénce*, the Duke, who was a profeſt Devotee, refuſed it, ſaying, that his Conſcience would not permit the Cauſe to be thrown out of the common Courſe of the Law; for, that God had appointed *Judges*, but there was no Mention of *Refereés* throughout all holy Writ.

I remember I travelled, ſome Years ago, with a Gentleman not very old, who aſſured me, that, when he was twelve Years old, he was ſcourged, in *Scotland*, meerly for *laughing*, "becauſe the "Saints never laughed." I take *Nero* to have been the very Prince of Fanatics, who condemned *Pætus* to Death *becauſe he was happy*.

The *Letter* of a Law may ſave our Necks, but it muſt be the *Spirit* of it that ſaves our Souls.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXIX.

My dear FANNY,

Dublin.

I HAVE not ſeen our Friends at *The Farm* yet. I walked out Yeſterday Morning, but they were come to Town. The Weather was fine, but warm; and I am fat. I went up Stairs into the large Room, both to reſt my Body, and to refreſh my Mind with the beautiful Landſcape that may be viewed from the Window.

When I opened the Door, I was ſtruck with one of the moſt extraordinary and alarming Sights I had ever beheld. It ſhocked me as a Man, but pleaſed me as a Philoſopher. I found that Cherubim, *Tommy*, and *Lion*, that tremendous Maſtiff, lying down together on the Carpet, with their Arms about each other's Neck, and both faſt aſleep.

You feel terrified — So did I — But upon ſeeing the Infant's white Frock unſtained, I ſoon became re-aſſured; and ſtood, for a Minute, contemplating an Emblem of the *Golden Age*, when the Lion and the Lamb uſed to gambol on the ſame Lawn together. I then ſtept out ſoftly, and called the Servant to rouſe the Dog gently; which he did by whiſtling.

Apropos.

Apropos. All Bedfellows, who ſnore, are to be awakened the ſame Way—This Secret is worth Money—*Lion* awoke, reared up his Creſt, ſhook his brindled Main, laſhed his Sides, and ſtalked ſullenly down Stairs — *Lamb* ſprang up at the ſame Time, and ſcampered down after him, to romp, and ſleep again.

I ſat in the Room for an Hour; and was ſo charmed with the Proſpect, that I amuſed myſelf with a Deſcription of it, which I left upon the Table, and walked away to Town.

I ſend you two Letters incloſed, which I think will pleaſe you. The *Engliſh* one is prettily wrote, polite, and affectionate; and the other ſhews a Diſpoſition to come into Terms; and, let them be of what Kind they will, they muſt be deſirable for me in my preſent Situation.

Adieu!

Henry.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION
OF
THE FARM,
In a LETTER to
ARTHUR NEWBURGH, Esq;.

Dear SIR,

I Walked down, this Morning, to this charming *Rus in Urbe*, in Hopes of meeting you at Home; but since I have missed of that Pleasure, I am indulging myself in another, by contemplating, from your *Venetian* Window, a Collection of fine Views, which form, all together, one of the richest, most diversified, and extensive Prospects that can possibly be framed by Art and Nature joined.

The Gardens of *Alcinoüs*, in *Homer*, or the Villas of *Pliny* and *Cicero*, are no more to be compared to the beautiful Amphitheatre, which lies at present before my Eyes, than my Description of it can be able to equal theirs.

I have here, at one View, three of the greatest Objects in Nature, in Art, and in Politicks — The Sea, a Fleet, and a City. The Eye is lost

in

in wandering o'er that vaſt Expanſe of living Waters, *where its Strength can find no Bounds, but Weakneſs makes one*; while the Mind is elevated in Wonder, on contemplating the amazing Properties of this Element; its Saltneſs, which no Chemiſtry can either analize, or compound; and its Tides, which ſeem endowed with a ſelf-moving Power; without which latter, the firſt would ſubſide, thereby rendering the Ocean unfit to ſuſtain that numerous and extraordinary Species of Animals, which are peculiarly framed by Providence to inhabit it.

A Ship, tho' the Work of Art, ſeems to approach nearly to an Animal; as its Motions appear almoſt ſpontaneous, and that *Breath* is its moving Principle. It ſeems alſo to be guided by Inſtinct, as it moſt regularly purſues thoſe *Courſes*, which are inſpired by Nature.

Man is ſtiled a *Micro-caſm*: How much juſter a Title has this great Machine to the comprehenſive Term of a *little World*; in which may be, at once, contained every Thing that can be neceſſary, either for the Support, Convenience, or Advantage of Mankind; and in which we may be ſaid "to live, and move, and have our "Being."

A City is an Epitome of a Nation, as a Ship is of the World. It is, in its Polity, the higheſt Work of human Wit, ſupported by divine Aid; as

as all its Theory muſt be founded in the moral Law, and its Practice be influenced by the Obligations of Religion.

Nor wants there, here, a fourth Object, more admirable and more reſpectable, than all the other three; namely, the Maſter of this charming Retreat; for, as *Pope* emphatically expreſſes it,

"An honeſt Man's the nobleſt Work of God;"

for, when

"The Cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
"The ſolemn Temples, yea, the great Globe
"itſelf,
"With all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
"And, like the baſeleſs Fabric of a Viſion,
"Leave not a *Rack* behind,"

the good Man ſhall remain, exiſt, triumph, and inherit Eternity.

There is another great Object, too, before my Eyes, of ſo curious and extraordinary a Nature, as well to merit our particular Contemplation, here—namely, the Mountains. Theſe are neither the Work of Nature, nor of Art; but the Effect of a certain Violence which the Almighty was provoked to commit upon this Globe, by breaking open the Caverns of the Earth, to deſtroy a degenerate Race of Men. So ſurprizing

is

is the Connection and Dependences between all the Works of God, and ſo amazing the Nature of Sin, as to be able, not only to induce moral, but phyſical Evil, alſo, upon a wicked, and unrepenting World; not only to deform the Face, but even to alter the former Courſe of Nature, too; as Philoſophers and Divines have reaſoned upon this Subject.

And yet, how Great and Good has Omnipotence ſhewn itſelf, on this extraordinary Criſis, by accomodating a Sort of Second Nature to this Alteration of the Globe! So that Mountains now ſeem neceſſary for the Benefit of the modern World,* at the ſame Time that they remain as Monuments to ſhew the Deſtruction of the antient one.

Add to all theſe, the paſtoral Scenes of every rural Object, under the ſame View; the Gardens planned in ſo true a Taſte, that Art ſeems *naturalized*; the flowering Lawns ſcattered o'er with Trees of various Greens, and interſperſed with ſmoking Hamlets; the Birds on every Spray, "ſtill vocal with their Maker's Praiſe," recalling to Mind the poetic *Age of Gold*, when Innocence, Love, and paſtoral Life, were the only Character, Paſſion, and Vocation of Mankind. All which

* See *Derham*'s *Phyſico-Theology*; or, rather, *Le Spectacle de la Nature*, upon the Chapter of Mountains, where the whole Philoſophy of this Subject is ſet forth.

which Scenes, tho' they do not raiſe our Admiration ſo high, as the former Objects, yet create certain delicate, tender, and complacent Ideas in the Mind, which inſpire us with more amiable Senſations, as the milder Morals are more endearing, than the more heroic Virtues.

It is natural, upon this Subject, to recollect many of the beautiful Deſcriptions of the Poets, who have been wanton upon ſuch inſpiring *Themes*, as theſe; but I ſhall forbear to tire you with Quotations, and ſhall conclude with only that elegant and unaffected one, from *Horace*.

" *O Rus quando ego te auſpiciam, quandoque licebit,*
" *Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno, & inertibus horis,*
" *Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!*"

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXX.

My dear FANNY,

I SEND you a Parcel of *French* Samplers, as a Preſent for our Friend Mrs. ———. While I was rolling them up, this Morning, a Thought ſtruck me: Upon which I immediately wrote the incloſed *extempore*, which I deſire you to preſent to her, along with the traced Canvas.

To Mrs. ———, *with a Preſent of* French *Samplers.*

OUR Natures, like theſe Samplers, juſt are trac'd
By Lines which ne'er by Art can be ſurpaſs'd;
Each Figure has its Form and Limits, here,
As the Deſigner will'd they ſhould appear:
So Nature marks the Outlines of a Man,
To fill and colour, is the moſt we can.
Happy Exception! to the World you ſhine,
Trac'd, fill'd, and colour'd, by the Hand divine;
At once made perfect, in the moral Part,
Without the ſlow and feeble Aid of Art;
Struck at a Heat, like the firſt fatal Fair,
While Heaven, its former Error to repair,
Virtue to Beauty join'd, in framing thee,
Thou *Milton*'s Eve, without her Frailty!

Mr.

Mr. *C*—— brought a great Number of them from *France*, when he was there laſt, and deſigned them for his Daughter; but they quarrelled ſoon after, and he has ſent them all as a Preſent to you. I have taken a *poetic Licence* with theſe few, and ſhall carry you the Remainder, in plain Proſe.

You know he is a Woman, in every Thing, except Beauty, and Gentleneſs of Manners, and is perfect *Miſtreſs* of the Needle. He would force me to take a Leſſon, upon the Manner of working theſe Samplers: All I remember of which, is, that the ſeveral Worſteds, with which the Figures are traced, mark the outermoſt Shade of that Colour that each is to be filled up with.

He has made me a Preſent of an *empty* Purſe, alſo, of his own Working; and, if he paid me half what he owes me, he might have filled it; but he pleads Poverty to that, and all other Demands. The Plea is true, in Effect; but 'tis his own Perverſeneſs, that makes it ſo. If he would but *give, and take*, a little, he might ſoon render himſelf perfectly eaſy; but he ſeems to have a Paſſion for Difficulties, and Diſtreſs, and creates them to himſelf, moſt induſtriouſly, every Day.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCCXXXI.

My dearest HARRY,

I Received your Present, with the very pretty Lines you sent along with it. I delivered them both, without the least grudging, I assure you, 'till I saw the Manner in which they were both received. She looked over the Pieces of Canvas carelessly, just run her Eye through the Poem, and then, with her usual Coldness, laid them together on her Toilet, as she would have done a Pair of Shoes, with the Receipt. Go to, go to, thou art a very Spendthrift in Wit, to squander it away, upon such Subjects. Were there Merit to deserve the Compliment, or Taste to relish the Wit of it, I could excuse you.

We are all to go to the Assizes—They begin next *Tuesday*—Mr. —— begs the Favour of you to meet him there, Time enough to be put upon the Grand-Jury, for he wants your Assistance toward his new Road.—Do, lay on Tax upon Tax—To load a Country is one Way of making it thrive; because it doubles Industry. Among the few Advantages which our Sex has over your's, surely these ought to be highly prized, that

that we can never be obliged to kill, to condemn, or even to tax a Man. God help your poor Souls.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER CCCCXXXII.

Dear HARRY,

MR. —— called to ſee me, this Morning, and ſeems to be but ſlowly recovering from his Fever. He has left his lovely Wife at her Mother's, in the County of *Wicklow*, to lye in, that is, to give Birth to a fourth Grace.

He was not in his uſual Spirits, but extremely agreeable and polite. He ſat with me for an Hour; and ſeems to have our *Series of Letters* all by Heart; for I think that he quoted, or alluded to, above a Dozen Paſſages in them, as the Turn of our Converſation happened to ſupply the Occaſions.

He entertained me with a Converſation he lately had with Mr. —— about theſe Writings. He ſaid he was ſurprized how theſe Letters had obtained ſuch a Character—For his Part, he could perceive no Merit in them — That Hiſtory, or Treatiſes,

Treatiſes, were Works of Labour and Science; and Poetry, or Novel, of Wit or Invention; but, that Letters were the eaſieſt Things in the World, as they required neither Study, Genius, or Science.

Our Friend replied, that Letter-writing was indeed a very common Thing, but an uncommon Talent, at the ſame Time; for, that there was a great Difference between writing Letters for *the Poſt*, and for *the Preſs*; that the great Excellence of theſe is, that they were deſigned only for the former; and that he differed much in his Opinion of Literary Works; for he thought it an higher Inſtance of Talents, to be able to write agreeably, without Study or Matter, than where one has Facts, Science, or Invention, to ſupport them.

The Critic, however, was brought to allow them the Merit of Stile and Language; and to confeſs that his Objections lay not particularly to *The Series*, but againſt all Letters, in Print, which which were neither hiſtorical or narrative.

Pray make my affectionate Compliments to our Friends where you are, and tell Mrs. —— that I ſhall write to her as ſoon as I have picked up Incidents enough, in this Town, to entertain her — Not that I imagine ſhe would judge like Mr. —— of my Letter, tho' I ſhould write her one *upon nothing*.

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXXIII.

Dear FANNY,

I KNOW the Character of Mr.———, the Critic you mention. He is a Man of Labour and Study, without Taſte or Genius. He publiſhed a Collection of Poems, many Years ago, which he gave the conceited Title of The *Noſegay* to; and they were ill received.

A Mediocrity in Writing is quicker perceived in Poetry, than in any Thing elſe; and I wonder he did not find it out himſelf, for he is really a ſenſible Man, but rather too ſolid, which is often a Diſadvantage. I ſhould rather *buoy* on the Surface ſometimes, than always *anchor* in the Mud.

This Critic lives too much in his Study; and the Difference between ſuch a Perſon, and thoſe who converſe familiarly in the World, may be compared to the upper Sod, and the under *Spit*, of the Earth — The latter may have, intrinſically, the ſame Powers of Vegetation, but wants the Action and Impregnation of the Atmoſphere, to ſet its fixed Salts at Liberty to exert themſelves.

I do not ſuppoſe he ſpoke againſt The Series, from the Envy or Malevolence of a diſappointed Author; but Perſons of his Stamp muſt always

have ſome *Matter* for their Subject, and conſequently feel no Manner of Reliſh for the finer Arts, as their Beauty reſts meerly in Idea, and is not extended to ſolid Uſe.

I agree with him in his Opinion about the Merits of ſuch Writings as he is inclined to reprehend, that Wit is not a *Merit*, but an *Excellence*. 'Tis a natural Gift, and can no more be acquired, than Beauty.

This puts me in Mind of a Story I heard once of Colonel ———, who was an Acquaintance of Lord *T*———. He had frequently heard his Lordſhip, who was himſelf a Man of lively Parts, repeat and commend the *bons Mots* he had heard thrown out among his jovial Companions; which mortifying the ſtupid Colonel, he one Day remarked, that he ſaw no Manner of Merit in all this — A good Thing happened to come into their Heads, and they ſaid it; and I ſhould have done the ſame, added he, if it had *occurred* to me.

I ſhall conclude this Letter with an Epigram, which the Subject of your Letter has made *occur* to me this Inſtant.

YOU ſay that *Macro* reads our Work with Scorn,
Juſt nods Aſſent, and crys, they muſt be born:
To Envy, or to Malice, ne'er impute
His faint Applaudings; for the Point is moot —

May

May not that Coldneſs, which gives you Surprize,
As well from Want of Taſte, as Candour, riſe?

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCCXXXIV.

My deareſt FANNY,

YOU'll be, I hope, ſurprized at receiving a a Letter from me dated hence, after having got one, the laſt Poſt, dated twenty Miles nearer Home. I ſay, I hope you are ſurprized at this, becauſe I would, in ſome Sort, prepare you for the unhappy Occaſion of my returning hither.

This Morning, as I was mounting my Horſe, to continue my Route homewards, a Perſon came to the Door, and told us, that he had come the Night before from this Town, and that our worthy and good Friend Mr. —— had put an End to his Life that Morning.

I was ſhocked. I pitied the helpleſs State of the many Orphans he left behind him. I rode back hither directly, with all the Speed my Horſe

could make. It was but too true. I had left the Houſe but the Day before, in perfect Chearfulneſs, and domeſtic Happineſs; and the ſudden Shifting of the Scene was too powerful for human Nerves to ſuſtain.

It was ſome Comfort to me, however, to think that this Act was not a premeditated one. About two Hours before, he had taken a Doſe of Phyſic for his old Complaint; and the Piſtol was an old ruſty one, that had been charged above ſix Months before, on his Journey from *Dublin*. This we judged from the Fellow to it, which lay in the Window.

I called in ſome of the Neighbours, to aſſiſt me in making an Inventory of his Effects; and began with his Cloſet. There was not much Caſh in his Deſk; but I thought I had made an uſeful Diſcovery, by finding out a concealed Drawer: There was only one Paper in it, which we concluded to be a Bank Bill; but, on opening it, found theſe Words written with his own Hand.

"In every Adverſity that happens to us in "this World, we ought to conſider, that Miſery "and Affliction are not leſs natural than Snow "and Hail, Storm and Tempeſt; and it were "as reaſonable to hope for a Year without Win-"ter, as for a Life without Trouble. Life, "how ſweet ſoever it ſeems, is a Draught min-"gled with bitter Ingredients: Some drink "deeper than others before they come at them:

"But,

" But, if they do not ſwim at the Top for " Youth to taſte them, 'tis ten to one that Old- " Age will find them thicker in the Bottom: " And, it is the Employment of Faith, and " Patience, and the Work of Wiſdom, and " Virtue, to teach us to drink the ſweet Part " with Thankfulneſs and Pleaſure; and to ſwal- " low the Bitter without Reluctance or Repi- " ning."

Theſe Reflections are none of his. I do not know whoſe they are; and have never met with them before; but I know the Stile, Sentiment, and Manner of them, are, by no Means, his. However, could one imagine, that a Perſon, who was ſo ſenſibly ſtruck with ſuch a Writing, as to take the Trouble of copying it out, and the Care to lock it up ſafe, ſhould have Impatience enough to deſtroy himſelf! But, perhaps, it might have been a Conſciouſneſs of that very Impatience, in himſelf, which prompted him, like a good Man, which indeed he was, to embrace and cheriſh every Kind of Argument, which might be able to ſtrengthen and ſupport his Virtue and Philoſophy.

No Man ever lived with a better Character, or died more lamented — principally, by the poor. I have heard many Stories of him this Evening, which give me both Pleaſure and Pain. He was the true *Man of Roſs*, as you ſtiled him once.

I have the Satisfaction to find, that this worthy Man's large Family is left in ample and well-provided Circumſtances, and the Truſtees of his Will are Men of Buſineſs and Character.

Among the Friends and Neighbours of the deceaſed, who gathered in to the Aſſiſtance of theſe Orphans, upon theſe humane Occaſion, was Mr. *B*——, the Clergyman, who wrote the pretty and ingenious Letter prefixed to our laſt Edition of The Series *. He is a ſenſible, agreeable Man; and I am very ſorry that our firſt Acquaintance ſhould have commenced at ſo melancholic and unſociable a Time as this.

I don't care to dwell longer on this Subject, both on your Account and my own. I ſhall leave this Place Tomorrow, after we have put the houſehold Œconomy into ſome Order, and return to you without any further Deviation, Retrogradation, or Loſs of Time.

Adieu!

Henry.

* Letter II. Second Edition.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXXV.

Dear FANNY,

I Quitted the Houſe of Mourning Yeſterday Evening, and came hither laſt Night; and ſhall ſet forward again after Breakfaſt.

I met with a Book here, that is juſt publiſhed, which was ſome Relief to my Mind after the late Scene I had paſſed thro'. It is ſtiled, A Collection of the Beauties of *Shakeſpear*. I was ſoon ſurfeited—Such a Noſegay of Sweets! It was too powerful. I like the Flowers better, when ſcatter'd thro' the Wilderneſs. There they have Fragrancy, here they are too luſcious: "So ſweet, "the Senſe aches at it."

However, the Compiler, having extended his Work to Two Volumes, gives you now and then ſome Weeds to fill his Flower-pots. But this I ſhould forgive him, if he had not puffed up his Pages with ſome of his Bombaſt. Take the following Inſtance:

"Danger knows, full well,
"That *Cæſar* is more dangerous than he;
"We are two Lions, littered in one Day,
"And I the elder, and more terrible."

Had

Had *Lee* wrote theſe Lines, what Fuſtian would they have been deemed? Beſides, this is exceeding beyond Character. *Cæſar* never ſpoke with Confidence of any Thing, except his Fortunes; and this was *ad captum*; for, to be once thought a lucky Perſon, often helps to render one ſucceſsful. This Paſſage not only fitter becomes *Lee*'s Writing, but his Heroe, *Alexander*, too, than either *Shakeſpear* or *Cæſar*.

Juſt going to mount.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXXVI.

Dear FANNY,

I NEED not date any more of my Letters, till we meet; for you know my *Route*, and the ſeveral Stages I ſhall make. About Twenty Miles a Day is my uſual Journey; and I really think, that thoſe who regard either their Health or Pleaſure, would never exceed it. I have no Pride in vying with a Poſtilion.

I am extremely ſorry that your Letters cannot ſhoot me flying. I wiſh for a Pair of thoſe imaginary Pigeons, that are ſaid to be employed as Poſt-Boys, between two Lovers, in ſome old Legend or other. However, I would ſupply thoſe extraordinary Mediums, by intreating you to write regularly to me, during every ſuch untoward Interval of Abſence, like this, and keep the Letters for me till our Meeting; for I am not ſufficiently ſatisfied with hearing what you have to ſay upon theſe Occaſions, I would know, alſo, every Thing you thought, did, or imagined, during the whole Journal of your Life. 'Tis Love, not Vanity, that preſcribes this Dedication of your Time.

The Lady of this Houſe, you have often heard me mention with Advantage. What is ſtiled the *peculiar* Character of a Woman, ſhe is deficient

in. She has not Beauty. Whether ſhe wants Senſe, or no, is a moot Point; for, can one be ſaid to *want* what they have no *Need* of? Her Good-Nature, her Affability, her admirable Temper, with regard both to Chearfulneſs and Good-Humour, ſufficiently ſupply every Chaſm.

I am fond of Apothegms. I'll give you one. *The moſt becoming Head-Dreſs a Woman can poſſibly put on, is Good-Humour, becauſe it ornaments both the Inſide and Out.*

This Elyſian Scene, with the Love, Virtue, and Purity, of the amiable Proprietors of it, ſeem to reſemble the State of Paradiſe before *the Fall.* Shall I add, that the Lady helps to carry on the Alluſion in another Particular, as one *formed out of a Rib.* I could not reſiſt it, tho' I know you'll deteſt me: But I love, ſometimes, to exerciſe that delicate Feeling of your's, even at my own Expence. I aſk Pardon; and am my deareſt *Fanny*'s truly fond and affectionate Huſband,

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXXVII.

Dear FANNY,

I HAVE gained one Third of a Degree more of Southern Latitude, toward you, ſince laſt Poſt. There is Nobody here but *Ragotin*: He has had a Series of ridiculous Things happen to him ſince our laſt Meeting. It would be really worth While to take Minutes of his Life, and write his moſt extraordinary Memoirs.

He would certainly be the moſt ſingular Perſon breathing, if the many untoward and diſtreſſing Things, that happen to him, were meerly accidental, as they really appear to himſelf: But they every one of them ariſe abſolutely out of his own Character, which, as it were, lays violent Hands upon paſſing Occaſions, and forces common Occurrences into *Adventures*. In every Strife I have known him involved, he was the Perſon who gave the firſt Blow.

I have met with a ſtrange Book, here, lately publiſhed, The Memoirs of Mr. *Bradſtreet*. I ſhould have taken the Whole of it for an Heap of Invention, if I did not know the moſt extraordinary Story of them all to be authentic — namely, The *Bottle-Conjurer*.

Your

You may remember to have read it in an *Engliſh* News-Paper, ſome Years ago. The Thing aroſe upon a Wager between the Duke of *Montagu*, and ſome other Perſon, upon the remarkable Credulity of the *Engliſh*. The Duke affirmed, that there was nothing ever ſo improbable, or incredible, but they would believe, if propoſed to them with a ſerious Air.

In Conſequence of this, an Advertiſement ſoon appeared, that a certain Conjurer would enter bodily into a Quart Bottle, on the Stage, at one of the Theatres, on ſuch a Nighht. The Houſe was crouded at Four o'Clock in the Evening; and, about Six, when the Man was expected to appear, and bottle himſelf up, ſomebody came upon the Stage, to acquaint the gaping Spectators, that *Aſmodeo* had ſearched thro' all the Taverns in *London*, and could not find any Thing like a *Quart* Bottle: But, that if the Company would pay double Prices for their Seats, he would immediately hide himſelf in a Pint one.

The *Engliſh*, it has been long remarked, are more credulous, and more eaſily gulled, in general, than either the *French*, *Italian*, or *Spaniard*. I take the Reaſon to be this. — There is, in human Nature, ſuch a Portion of Credulity. In popiſh Countries this Weakneſs is intirely ingroſſed by the *Machinery* of their Religion: But, where

where Men are free from implicit Faith, and blind Superſtition, their natural Propenſity to Belief lays hold of all prophane Objects of Credulity or Surprize.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCCXXXVIII.

My dear FANNY,

Dublin.

I HAVE had two Meetings with Mrs. ——— ſince I came to Town, to ſatisfy her about her Demand. She does not ſeem yet convinced, that her Security is good. She is totally ignorant of Buſineſs, and has a Diffidence in all thoſe who underſtand it—*For her Huſband, you know, was an Attorney.* — But, beſides, Women are always unconſcionable Creditors, and never think that Men or Money can be bound faſt enough to them. What an irkſome Thing to have to do with a *Dun*, and a *Dunce*, at the ſame Time! And yet, ſuch is my peculiar Fate, that *Duns* and *Dunces* have ever been the Plagues of my Life. I ſhall finiſh my Letter with a vile and melancholic Story relative to this Subject,

For

Poor *G*——! he was led in, by his Good-Nature, to be bound for a near Relation of his, in the Sum of Two Hundred Pounds, about a Year ago. He fell ill lately, and, while he was confined to his Room, he was arreſted there for this Debt. As the Bailiffs were conducting him along, they informed him, that this ſame Couſin was the Perſon who had pointed out to them the Place and Situation they ſhould find him in.

This Shock, with his Diſorder and cloſe Confinement, fell very heavy, both on his Health and Spirits, which might ſoon have rendered him miſerable; but that, in a few Days, he had the good Fortune to *break Goal*, of a Fever, and was buried Yeſterday Morning.

The Scoundrel, I ſuppoſe, apprehended the Weight of the Debt falling upon himſelf, if his Friend ſhould die, and thus precipitated his Danger by his Fears,—adding Murder to Ingratitude.

Poor *G*—— ſent to Mr. *J*——, who had many Obligations to him, to deſire his Aſſiſtance as ſoon as he was arreſted; but he never came near him. This muſt have been an additional Mortification to the unhappy Man.

There is no being thoroughly acquainted with the World, without having been poor and in Difficulties; becauſe no Perſon, who had not ſeverely

experienced

experienced it, could poſſibly imagine Mankind to be ſo generally void of Friendſhip, Liberality, Honour, or Benevolence.

The *Devil's in it* if the next World is not better than this.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCCXXXIX.

My dear HARRY,

MR *W*——— is returned from *Dublin*, and has brought Home all the late *Novels*, that have been publiſhed; for, he ſays, *he loves to know what's doing in the World.* I have amuſed myſelf with ſome of them theſe two Days, and think pretty much of them as you ſpeak in your *Trio.* * I have not met with one Sentiment, elegant Expreſſion, or polite Dialogue, thro' all I have read.

There are, indeed, ſeveral Stories of Death, Difficulty, and Diſtreſs; but they are ſuch, and ſo told, as one may read in the *Old Bailey* Trials. They

* The *Triumvirate*, Chapter XXXV.

They rather *ſhock*, than move us; for modern Noveliſts do not *ſoften*, but *torture* us, into Tears.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

I had ſome Thoughts, myſelf, of undertaking a Work of this latter Kind *—Not properly a Series of Hiſtory, for I believe there are more Hiſtories of *England*, already publiſhed, than there have ever ſat Kings upon the *Britiſh* Throne, even including the *Saxon* Heptarchy — But my Plan was this —

The *Grecian* and *Roman* Hiſtories are full of Inſtances of Bravery, Honour, Generoſity, and the whole Catalogue of heroic Virtues. Theſe Stories ſurprize and captivate our academic Youth; the Examples ſeem to be above human Nature; and they are too apt to conclude theſe Nations to be a more elevated Race of Mortals. This is a very partial Judgment. There are as

* Hiſtory.

as many, and as noble Inſtances, of truly epic Gallantry, to be ſelected from the *Engliſh* Hiſtory. It would be an ingenious and well-ſpirited Work, to collate the ſeveral Actions and Characters together; to draw Parallels after the Manner of *Plutarch*; make Inferences, *&c.*

I wiſh you would undertake a Work of this Sort. You are perfectly equal to ſuch a Taſk. My having furniſhed you with the Hint, ſhall be all the the Merit I ſhall, or indeed have any Right to claim. Do, think of it.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXL.

My dear FANNY,

I HAVE been ill, theſe two Days, with a Return of my Cholic. Mrs. *N*—— brought me a Medicine this Morning, which ſhe ſaid was infallible. I took it, and its Effects were Enchantment—Sudden and extraordinary. I not only received immediate Eaſe, but conceived the higheſt Pleaſure imaginable. In an Inſtant I thought myſelf as wiſe as *Solomon*, as handſome as *Abſalom*, as ſtrong as *Sampſon*, and as brave as *David*.

This charming Delirium continued for about an Hour, when I found my Ideas all in Confuſion, and my Senſes ſtealing ſlily away. I fancied I was going to paſs thro' ſome extraordinary Metamorphoſe, and deſired to be laid on the Bed. Mrs. *S*—— aſſiſted, till I became ſo amorous, that ſhe was ſoon obliged to fly out of the Room; for, among the other unaccountable Effects of this Potion, it made even her appear an Object of my Deſire too.

My raving held on very pleaſantly in my Sleep; the whole fairy Regions of Phantaſy and Imagination paſſed ſuddenly before my Eyes; methought I had conceived a Power of calling forth Scenes, and creating Objects, for the Senſes,

as

as one can conjure up Ideas for the Mind. Of all the vain Illuſion of which my waking Dream had poſſeſſed me, whether becauſe it was the ſtrongeſt, or the laſt, or that the *Philter* was the predominant Ingredient in this nectareous Draught, my amorous Fit was the only Preſumption that followed me thro' the *Ivory-Gate*.* I tranſported myſelf immediately into the *Mahometan* Paradiſe; and, *Ixion*-like, was embracing *Clouds*, 'till the Dinner-Bell relieved, and brought me back to as flirting Pleaſures, and *unſubſtantial* Realities, with the Addition of an aking Head, high Pulſe, and Blood inflamed.

Being thus reſtored—I mean, reduced, to my inſignificant Self, again, I inquired out of what magic Cauldron they had extracted ſuch a bewitching Spell; and they told me it was taken from the hot *Still* of Poppy Cordial, made upon Brandy. It was this which firſt made me drunk, and then diſpoſed me to ſleep. I had never taken a Dram, in my Life, before; but Opiates I have, both the plain Poppy Water, and Laudanum; and was ſenſible of pretty much the ſame Kind of *Reverie*, but more moderate; for the Spirit, in this Paregoric, raiſed my Viſion into a Tranſport.

* See Æneid 6th, laſt Paragraph—*Sunt geminæ ſomni portæ*, &c.

I have inveighed againſt taking Drams, in my *Trio*,* without ever having taſted one: But I have ſeen ſuch unhappy Effects, from the Uſe of them, in ſome of my Friends, both male and female, that the very Sight of one ſhocks me: And, had I not been deceived into it, I ſhould never have taken this intoxicating Cordial. The only Perſons I would recommend it to, ſhould be your *Suicides*; for, if one is reſolved to die, it muſt be pleaſant enough to expire in an Extaſy; which I am very ſure I ſhould have done, this Day, if a Spoonful more of this *Lethean* Draft had been poured into the Glaſs.

I could not eat any Dinner, would give the World for Drink, have ſwallowed a Gallon of Tea, and am eaſed of the Pain in my Stomach, only by transferring it to my Head, which *akes conſumedly*. I ſuppoſe Sir *John Brute* uſed to drink Drams, by that very Expreſſion.

I am much pleaſed with the Story of *Agrippinus*, whoſe Way was, whenever any Thing ill befel him, to write an Eſſay in Praiſe of it. This Method was admirable; for many Misfortunes, on examining them with this View, may be found to have ſome favourable Circumſtances attending them. Suppoſe, now, I ſhould amuſe myſelf after the ſame Manner, at preſent?

* Chapter XI.

IN DEFENCE OF DRAMS.

DRINKING is a Vice; the Communication of Vice increaſes the Crime; which he, who drinks alone, is guiltleſs of.

The ſocial Drinker adds *Deliberation* to his Crime, but the *Dramatis Perſona* has the Excuſe of *ſudden Tranſport.*

The tipling Philoſopher claimed the Prize of Drinking, for being firſt drunk; the Dram-Taker wins from him again.

I could go on, at this Rate, for a Page, or two, more, for there is no End to falſe Reaſoning; but enough of this Idleneſs.

Adieu! and to Bed.

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXLI.

My Dear FANNY,

HAVING not received any Letter from you, laſt Poſt, nor having met with any Occurrence, to entertain you, ſince our Parting, I ſhall endeavour to amuſe you, by ſending you a Copy of the Chapter, which I had written for the LXXXIVth of the *Triumvirate*, immediately ſucceeding the Clergyman's Letter: But I poſtponed it, in order to give Place to ſuch Reflections as muſt very naturally have ariſen in Mr. *Andrews*'s Mind, upon ſuch an Occaſion; and I thought that this Paper might appear ſomewhat flat, after the Letter which inſpired it had grown cool upon the Reader.

THE CHAPTER.

TRIGLYPH *to the* Reader.

THE officious Friendſhip exerted by this moſt excellent Divine, inſpired by a truly *Chriſtian* Spirit of Charity, is the brighteſt Star in the whole Conſtellation of Virtues. Is it not ſhameful to obſerve how little of *active* Moral there is, at preſent, in the World? And yet, at the ſame Time, it is by no Means deficient in Good-Will.

But

But modern Benevolence is moſtly *paſſive*, it reſts in *Pity* only, rarely extending itſelf to *Charity*, whoſe Life is *Action*, reſembling *Faith*, which is dead without Works.

I know a Perſon, who may be properly ſtiled *the Univerſal Patron*, who, without Fortune to give, or Power to diſpenſe, has, notwithſtanding, performed more Acts of Benevolence than all the Kings or Princes of his cotemporary Life. Does he ſpy a Gap in a Neighbour's Fence, he mends it with his own Hands: Sees he any Cattle, as he rides along, even in a Stranger's Corn, he calls at the next Cottage to give Notice of it. A Servant of his, on a Circuit he had travelled with him thro' many Parts of the Kingdom, ſaid to me one Day, in perfect Simplicity, that he believed his Maſter had Farms in moſt of the Counties of *Ireland*.

When he hears a Story, which reflects upon any Perſon whatſoever, Friend, Stranger, or even Enemy, he immediately arreſts the Scandal till farther Inquiry or Information, by ſhewing, that the ſame Appearances might have ariſen from more innocent Motives than thoſe which were then ſuggeſted; by ſaying, that the Whole might poſſibly be an Invention of Malice; or, at leaſt, ſome of the Circumſtances of it miſrepreſented.

If two Perſons happen to be at Variance with each other, he ſeeks Occaſion, but without ſeeming to have any Manner of Deſign in it, of ſaying all the Good he can to each, of each; which, by obviating all Prejudices, and ill Impreſſions, between them, except the immediate Matter of Pique or Diſguſt, brings their Reconciliation within the Compaſs of a ſingle Point, thereby rendering this humane and friendly Work more eaſy to be effected.

When he hears of the Death or Removal of any Perſon in Office or Employ, he inſtantly revolves in his Mind what Friend, or Acquaintance of his, would be moſt likely to ſucceed him, upon an early Application to the Patron, and diſpatches an Expreſs to him forthwith.

In fine, he has had as little Reaſon, during his Life, as ever the good *Marcus Aurelius* had, to cry out, *Diem perdidi*; for, with Numbers of ſuch-like Acts as theſe, ſome too minute, and others too many, to be recited, does this honeſt *Layman* contrive conſtantly to fill up the Meaſure of his Time, tho' *uncalled* to ſuch a Work; which, I am extremely ſorry to have Reaſon to ſay, may be conſidered as a ſevere, tho' tacit Reproach, to too many of thoſe whoſe peculiar Province it is to relieve, exhort, reconcile, and watch over thoſe Portions of Mankind, which Heaven has ſo expreſsly, and in ſuch emphatical and alarming Terms, committed to their Charge.

Let

Let them but liſten to the awful Solemnity of St. *Paul's* Exordium to *Timothy*, when he commiſſioned him to go and preach the Goſpel of *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, "I charge thee, therefore, *before God, and the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who ſhall judge the Quick and the Dead, at his Appearing, and his Kingdom*," &c. Second Epiſtle to *Timothy*, Chapter fourth, and firſt Verſe. See the next Verſe, and the fifth, as alſo the ſeventh and eighth, of the ſecond Chapter to *Titus*.

After theſe Paſſages, with a Number of others, which might be produced, to the ſame Purpoſe, can it be poſſible for Paſtors with a peaceful Conſcience, to accept a Miniſtry, like a Lay-Office, leaving the Duties of it to be performed by Deputies! Or act in it themſelves, with that Indifference, and lukewarm Zeal, with which Men uſually execute the ſecular Buſineſs of a civil Employ; who may be ſaid rather to *read Prayers* than to *pray*, and give us *Precept* without *Example!* Can they blend in the Vanities, or mix in the Policies, of this Life; bribe in Corruptions, and brangle in Elections; neglecting their paſtoral Care to abet Feuds, and continue Striſe, among Men!

Can the Preachers of Salvation, I ſay, act after theſe Manners, without firſt taking upon themſelves to diſpenſe not only with particular Texts of Scripture, but with the very Spirit and whole Tenour of the Goſpel-Miniſtry? And, if they

are obſerved to make free with thoſe Parts which bind themſelves, may not the Laity be too apt, and tempted by their Example, to uſe the ſame Liberty with others, which are obligatory on them? Nay, muſt not Religion itſelf finally lapſe into Contempt, and Diſbelief, under ſuch Latitudes, and Remiſſneſs! Will Patients be induced to take thoſe Medicines, or ſubmit to that Regimen, which they obſerve their Phyſicians decline themſelves, in their own Caſe? What Offence muſt theſe Things give, not only to weak, but to ſtrong Minds, alſo?—But, *Woe be to them, by whom the Offence cometh!*

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXLII.

Dear FANNY,

I AM now arrived at the Caſtle of *Diſcontent*, or the Den of the *Self-Tormentor*—Not a Creature here, but himſelf; and all the Servants changed, ſince I was here laſt. He is very ill, at preſent; and all his Relations and Friends have fled from him, and he may die, *without a Friend to cloſe his Eyes*, as if labouring under the Plague.

I ſhall quit this *Foreſt*, Tomorrow, and take my Leave of it for Life. The Duties of Humanity muſt be ſubmitted to, and have a Claim to our Attendance in Goals, by ſick Beds, and even upon Scaffolds: But no Moral, that ever I heard of, ſummons us to the Furies Cave. As I have before ſaid, that *Chearfulneſs is a Hymn to Providence*, * I may juſtly ſtile Ill-Humour to be an Incantation to the Devil.

How impious and ungrateful muſt Melancholy, or Ill-Temper, appear, to the contemplative Mind, when it reflects, that the very Bleſſings we receive from the Hands of Providence, are the general Cauſes of our Repinings? The Convenience of Servants, the Enjoyment of Children, the Emoluments of Fortune, and the other Ad-

* Letter CLVII. Vol. I. Second Edition.

vantages of Life, are the uſual Sources of our Affliction, becauſe they are attended with Fraud, Folly, Loſſes, or Sickneſs.

Ill-Temper is the *pureſt* of all Vices, becauſe it has neither Temptation nor Excuſe; it neither conduces to our Fame, our Fortune, or our Pleaſure. Swearing, Blaſphemy, Defamation, falſe Teſtimony, and Murder, are Species of it.

When People ſay they had *Reaſon* to be angry, they plead a Contradiction in Terms. But this Vice is ſtill more dangerous in Women. What Security can one have of the Chaſtity of an ill-temper'd Wife? She, who cannot reſtrain her Paſſions, while ſhe is giving Pain, at once, to herſelf, and others, muſt be the moſt perverſe Devil breathing, to reſiſt them, when ſhe may afford Pleaſure to both.

You know my Way of ſtringing Reflections, as *Sancho* does Proverbs, one after another. There is no Œconomy in this; but you have ſaid I was always a Spendthrift.

I am impatient to get my Feet out of this Houſe—Meat and drink turn ſour in my Stomach, without the Sauce of Chearfulneſs. Who is it that ſays,

Better to ſup with Friends on Brimſtone Broth,
Than eat Sack-Poſſet with a Man of Wroth.

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXLIII.

My dear HARRY,

I SEND you a Letter I received laſt Poſt, that will both entertain your Fancy, and amuſe your Philoſophy, a good deal. 'Tis perfectly characteriſtic of the Writer, full of lively Imagination, and ingenious Argument, at the ſame Time — Not unlike your own Manner..

T. B. ſays he would know your Writings in any Part of the World. In the Midſt of a ſerious Diſcourſe, you often throw in what he calls one of your *Toſs-off's*, that is apt to puzzle one to know whether you are in Jeſt or Earneſt.

As in your *Triumvirate*—

" The Spirit and Virtue of theſe Expreſſions " drew Tears from the Sheriff's Eyes, and ſo they " would have done from the Hangman." *

This is a new Species of Writing, quite unknown to the Antients. I long to have the Opinion of the Ctitics upon it. It cannot be ſtiled the *ſublime and beautiful*, which Mr. *Burke* has ſhewn to be different Ideas: But, ſuppoſe we gave it a Name of a ſtill more extraordinary Combination, and called it the *pathetic and comical.* This

* Chapter XXXI. laſt Paragraph.

ſounds ridiculous, I own; but I don't mean it; for I don't know how, it has its Effect, not only to ſurprize, but pleaſe. You did, indeed, as you ſay, in the *Trio*, learn your Philoſophy in the School of *Democritus* *.

The Account, in this Letter, of Mr. ——'s extraordinary Marriage, ſurprizes me extremely. Lord! what are Men! or Women, either! What Security is the beſt Senſe, or Philoſophy, againſt the Weakneſſes and Caprices of human Nature! 'Tis a very difficult Thing to impoſe upon a Perſon of Senſe; but 'tis eaſy enough to make them impoſe upon themſelves. This has certainly been the Caſe — She has deceived him into a Belief of her loving him; and all the reſt of the Work was his own.

Adieu!

Frances.

* Chapter LV. laſt Paragraph.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXLIV.

My dear HARRY,

I HAVE met with *Cicero*'s Letters here, and am much entertained with them. I like them much better than *Pliny*'s: They are not ſo ſtiff. I am reading them in *Melmoth*'s Tranſlation, which I think a very good one—I mean the Stile and Language; for I muſt leave it to others to determine whether it is a juſt one, or no—Or, is that at all material? I think not—Whether *Tully* or *Melmoth* pleaſes me? I would rather it was the latter, for he may write again.

I am diſpleaſed with him, however, for a Remark of his, on the Seventeenth of the Letters, Second Book — "Perhaps, ſays he, there is ſome-"thing, in that natural Mechaniſm of the human "Frame, neceſſary to conſtitute a fine Genius, "which is not altogether favourable to the Excel-"lencies of the Heart. It is certain, at leaſt, and "let it abate our Envy of uncommon Parts, that "great Superiority of intellectual Qualifications, "has not often been found in Conjunction "with the much nobler Advantages of a moral "Kind."

I think I never heard any Thing aſſerted more unphiloſophic and unfair—'Tis arguing from Individuals to the Whole.

" If Parts allure you, ſee how *Bacon* ſhined, *&c.*"

The Character, then before him, was certainly a Man of Genius without Virtue—Rather let me ſay, without Reſolution; for he both thought and ſpoke virtuouſly, but had not Courage ſufficient to put theſe Thoughts and Words into Act, in all Inſtances, for he confeſſedly did ſo in ſome. But, grant that *Cicero*, with ſome others of the ſame Stamp, wanted Virtue, ſhall we, from thence, conclude, that the great Author of Good has, as it were in Envy of that very Excellence with which his Benevolence has endowed ſome of his Creatures, debaſed his nobleſt Gifts with ſuch a vile Alliay!

But, to ſpeak philoſophically; I will admit that our Virtues and Vices do, in a great Meaſure, ariſe from Conſtitution, or the Texture of our Frame; and that a certain Degree of Quickneſs, or Vivacity, which is generally to be met with in a fine Genius, may frequently exclude certain phlegmatic Virtues; ſuch as Prudence, Temperance, Œconomy, Sedulity, *&c.* Nay, Courage, too, which, as far as it is conſtitutional, is no very heroic Quality, may likewiſe be deficient; but that ſame Quickneſs, which excludes theſe, certainly

certainly opens a Door to every other Virtue. All the ſoft, the liberal, the generous, the delicate Feelings of Honour and Humanity, ſtrike more forcibly upon a lively Senſation, than on a dull one. It requires the Stroke of Steel to elicit Fire from a Flint.

Had Mr. *Melmoth*, whoſe Writings I admire, and whoſe Character I eſteem, looked into his own Heart, he could never have furniſhed Block-heads with ſo invidious a Weapon againſt Perſons of Senſe. A Man of Parts may excel in any Thing—Why not in Virtue? Why not riſe above a Dunce, in that nobleſt of Sciences, as in the meaner Arts? *Rochefaucault* ſays, very juſtly, that a weak Perſon can never riſe to Virtue; for, tho' ever ſo well diſpoſed, *he has not Stuff enough.* You ſee where a profeſſed Philoſopher, in the Study of human Nature, has placed the Impediment.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER CCCCXLV.

My deareſt HARRY,

WE are much alarmed here. — Mr. ——— is very ill; and the Doctor is now with him. Upon feeling his Pulſe he ſays, that his Diſorder has been upon him ſome Time; which may very poſſibly be true; for his natural Phlegm might have equally prevented his Feeling, or our perceiving it, ſooner. I hope this Illneſs will have no farther Effect than to continue our Dullneſs, and then both he and we ſhall only remain as if no ſuch Misfortune had happened among us.

Melmoth's *Cicero*, encore — In a Note on the Twenty-fourth Letter of the Third Book, he takes Occaſion to quote a Paſſage from *Plutarch*, and another from Monſieur *Dacier*, which do Honour to both the Authors, as well as to the Perſons mentioned by them; namely, the amiable *Cornelia*, and Madame *Dacier*. From mentioning theſe two celebrated Characters, Mr. *Melmoth* takes the Opporrunity of paying a polite and elegant Compliment to his own Lady, which I ſhall give you in his own Words.

"May

"May I add my Suffrage to that of this cele-
"brated Critic, *(Dacier)* by declaring, from the
"ſame domeſtic Experience, that uncommon
"Knowledge, and a ſuperior Underſtanding, are
"perfectly conſiſtent with thoſe more valuable
"Qualities of the Heart, which conſtitute the
"principal Grace and Ornament of a female Cha-
"racter." This Paſſage, I am proud to lay hold of, is a Contradiction to the one I quoted to you in my laſt Letter. I hope he does not think that Souls have Sexes.

As I am highly pleaſed with every Inſtance of conjugal Felicity, which comes within my Knowledge, and as I really wiſh the Happineſs of my own Sex, ſincerely, I have one Remark to make upon a Subject, which I don't remember ever to have ſeen touched on, except in a ludicrous Poem of *Landſdown*'s, where he adviſes his Miſtreſs in the Choice of her Lovers, to give the Preference to Poets.

I cannot ſuppreſs my Aſtoniſhment, that Women, however ſenſible or elegant in themſelves, ſhould pay ſo little Regard to thoſe Qualities in a Huſband, as that a few Hundreds *per Annum* ſhould outweigh their Worth. Vanity is certainly predominant in our Sex; but, can the Love of empty Shew overbalance that of ſolid Praiſe? A plain rich Man may gratify his Wife in the firſt Article: But, ah! how wretched poor a Gratification muſt that be, compared to the Senſation we feel from the

the Approbation of a Man of Senſe, Taſte, and Virtue; who loſes not the Lover in the Huſband, but, by his Fondneſs, Attentions, and Politeneſs, even to Galantry, enlivens Matrimony with the *true* Spirit of Amour! who magnifies her every Speck of Merit! who conſtrues her very Foibles into kindred Virtues! and, by his own Deference, and Reſpect, teaches her Children to feel, for their *Mother*, a Reverence even higher than that *Term* can claim! Theſe Bleſſings - - -
Oh! my fair Friends! to you, who feel, I ſpeak:
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Let Senſe, and Virtue, be your firſt Purſuit: Let Fortune, and her varied Train, be but as Pageants to your Conqueſt: Obtain the Victory firſt; then let them follow at your *Carr*, or not; your Triumph is ſecure.

Adieu! my Huſband, Lover, Friend:

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXLVI.

Dear HARRY,

I NEVER knew a Man, who was neither a Knave, nor a Politician, that is ſo ſeldom off his Guard as you are. Your laſt Letter was an Exception to this. How could you tell me, that *Dublin* was ſickly, without giving me the Satisfaction to know that you were to go, To-morrow, to ſtay at *The Farm*, for a Week, or Ten Days? How came I to know this? you'll ſay. Your Servant was kinder than you, and mentioned it in a Letter to *Betty*, by laſt Poſt.

Mr. —— is quite well, now, I ſuppoſe, by the Doctors not having called here, theſe two Days; for, otherwiſe, ſick, or well, he appears always the ſame. He ambles about the Hall, takes his Pinch of *Rappée*, fixes his Eyes, and mimicks Thinking, as uſual. She alſo paces about the Alleys of her Flower-Garden of Weeds, all Day, in Queſt of Health, and Appetite, to ſquander away again, in late Hours, and Exceſs; and imitates Muſing, without Thought, or Reflection.

Poets

Poets are Prophets.—*Prior* can never be ſaid to have deſcribed, but to have foretold, ſuch a Couple as this; for I think it muſt have been impoſſible that ſuch *a ſauntering* Jack, *and idle Joan*, were ever paired before. His *No* Character is made up of Indolence, Apathy, and *fac Simile*: And ſuch a Woman as ſhe I never ſaw, in my Life; ſhe neither reads, converſes, works, viſits, houſewifes, coquets, intrigues, nor prays—He has, however, one Charm, which is conſtant Good-Temper, that, ſtanding alone, creates a Sort of bald Affection for him, without Eſteem: And ſhe is ſometimes agreeable, and engaging in her Manners; which only ſerves to heighten one's Diſguſt at her general Humour.

I am full of Reſentment againſt Perſons who will not ſuffer me to love them!—'Tis ſo pleaſant a Thing! And partakes the Nature of a Moral, too; which renders it ſo infinitely delightful! But

"I'll be revenged, and love you better for "it."

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXLVII.

Dear HARRY,

I Received your extreme galant Letter. Was it wrote from the Head, or the Heart? The latter, I am ſure of; for your Manners are, in general, naturally rough, and ſatirical; and it muſt be owing to ſome Biaſs of Affection, whenever you are polite.*

You know our Manner of reading and writing—We both read and write for one another—This Method helps, in ſome Sort, to bring us together, even during Abſence—We diſcuſs thoſe Subjects of our ſeparate Studies, in our Correſpondence, which we ſhould canvaſs in our Converſations. I am ſtill going on with *Melmoth*, ſo indulge me in a few Words more, upon the ſame Subject.

In a Note upon the Eleventh Letter, of the Fifth Book, he ſays, "'Tis ſtrange to ſee how "differently the Vanity of Mankind runs, in "different Times, and Seaſons, *&c.*" and inſtances the Declarations of modern Authors, that their Works are all *extempore*, ſtruck off at *un coup de plume*, without Time, or Pains; while the

* The Letter, here hinted at, was lent to a Friend, and loſt.

the Ancients picqued themſelves on the Expence of Years, and Labour, which they beſtowed on their Writings.

I confeſs I think the Moderns have much to be ſaid, in their Favour. There is certainly a Degree of Modeſty, tho' of Preſumption, at the ſame Time, in owning that a Work has not been corrected, and reviſed. Such a Declaration is, in ſome Sort, an Apology for its Errors, and Defects. While the Author, who ſends an imperfect Work into the World, and, at the ſame Time, acknowledges he has followed *Horace*'s Counſel, and laboured at it for *nine Years*, can only be deemed a ſtudious Blockhead, who pretends to impoſe his tedious Dullneſs, for ſuch it muſt be, on the World, for Senſe, or Merit.

Whatever

Is gained by Labour, and is earned by Pains,

muſt be as dull as *Wycherly*'s Writings, of whom that Line is characteriſtic. Such Authors are only fit to be Compilers of Dictionaries; which, without Diſreſpect to Mr. *Johnſon*, I look upon to be the loweſt, tho' not the leaſt uſeful, of all literary Works.

For my Part, I declare, that what little Genius I have, is quite in the *extempore* Stile. I can ſcamper away on *Pegaſus*, for a *Stanza*, or two, very pleaſantly, to myſelf; but I could no more travel

travel the ſame Path again and again, than I could have Patience to mount a managed Horſe in the Riding-houſe, and curvet it in the ſame Spot for three Hours together. I don't know but the Alluſion would have been better ſuited, had I compared ſuch *capreoling* to the Sign of the *Flying-Horſe*, that appears to be always in Motion without ever making Way.

Your Return, on Monday next, which you have given me Leave to hope, will put an End to this Correſpondence, and we ſhall then have the Pleaſure of reading over the Remainder of this Work together.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXLVIII.

My Dear FANNY,

THERE is neither Converſation, nor Books, you know, in this Houſe: But one has ſome Amends made them, by being left pretty much to themſelves. Moſt of the Mornings I ſpend in walking, and muſing, alone; and the Evenings are employed in digeſting, and writing down, *mes Reflections de Promenade.*

The Amuſement of Yeſterday was an Eſſay on the Adaption of Pleaſures, which ſeveral concurring Thoughts, upon the Subject, had accidentally led me into. I ſend you the firſt Notes; and wrote out a fair Copy this Morning for The *Chronicle*, as Mr. *Wilkie* deſires a Continuance of my Correſpondence.

AN ESSAY ON PLEASURES.

IN the *Series* of Letters, between *Henry* and *Frances*, there is the following Paſſage — "In "the latter Part of the Comment upon the "Fourth Epiſtle of the Fourth Book of *Orrery*'s "*Pliny*, there is a very juſt Obſervation, that *it*

"*is*

" *is abſolutely neceſſary for us to be as wary in the* " *Choice of our Amuſements, as of our Studies.* For " which Reaſon, I have often thought, that there " wanted, extremely, ſuch an Officer to be eſta- " bliſhed, in all States, as a *General Reveller*, who " ſhould preſcribe, and preſide over, the Amuſe- " ments, Pleaſures, and Diverſions, of all Ranks, " all Profeſſions, and all Ages of Men, even " from their childiſh Years; which would cer- " tainly be an Inſtitution of admirable Service to " Mankind*."

This Thought has frequently occurred to me, ſince, when I have obſerved, that, for Want of ſome fit *Preſident of Pleaſures*, People of different Taſtes, Paſſions, Capacities, and Ages, have been promiſcuouſly hurrying after the ſame Purſuits of Entertainments, carried away by the meer Vogue of Faſhion, more than the Impulſes of their own Genius.

From the Deficiency of a right *Education*, if I may ſo ſpeak, in this very material Article, I have known an affluent Fortune to become an Incumbrance, a Diſpoſition to Gayety lead to Dullneſs, and a ſocial Temper betray to Vice. For Want of proper Directions in this particular, I have ſeen one Man yawning at a Comedy till he has cracked his Jaws, while his next Neighbour has been laughing till he has burſt his Sides. I have known

* Letter CLXXIII. Second Edition, laſt Paragraph but one.

known People fatigued with Pleaſure, and ſated without Enjoyment; and then, according to the ſtill greater Miſtake of diſappointed Minds, not knowing how to fill up the Meaſure of their Time, betake themſelves to Drunkenneſs and Debauchery.

There is a great Variety among the brute Creation; even thoſe of the ſame *Species* differing from each other as much as from Animals of another *Genus*. To inſtance, in Dogs — The Foxhound, the Beagle, the Greyhound, the Setter, the Spaniel, the Water-Dog, the Terrier, *&c.* have moſtly their diſtinct Objects; and, even where the *Quarry* is the ſame, the Method of Purſuit, in each, is different; and, agreeable to this Diſtinction, Sportſmen make Uſe of various Methods of training up theſe ſeveral Animals.

There are as ſeparate Natures, and Geniuſes, among Mankind — But Preceptors do not pay the ſame Attention to their Charge that Huntſmen do. There is an equal Courſe of Studies, dictated to unequal Capacities: And, with regard to the dangerous and important Article of Entertainments and Pleaſures, the helpleſs Pupils are left to Chance, to pick them up from the common *Route*, without Choice, Aſſortment, or Adaption.

I would therefore adviſe the Projection of a certain *Scale of Pleaſures*, graduated according to the different Degrees of Vigour, Senſe, Taſte, Education, and Intellect, from the loweſt State of Activity and Reaſon, to the higheſt Excellence of liberal Accompliſhment; which I would do, by rating the human Powers of Body, and Mind, at a certain aſſumed Number; ſuppoſe Forty; which I would divide into as many Portions as ſhould be contained in that Number; and, to each Gradation on the Scale, I would apportion proper Recreations, Amuſements, and Pleaſures, giving *Athletics* the Lead, in this Progreſſion, as the loweſt Degrees, beginning with *Scutch-Hop*, *Foot-Ball*, *Cricket*, *Tennis*, *Wreſtling*, *Fencing*, *Hunting*, &c. proceeding next to *Shews* and *Spectacles*, commencing with, *You ſhall ſee what you ſhall ſee*, *Sadler's Wells*, the Machinery and Grimace of *Pantomimes*, with the gaudy Scenery of *Puppet-Shews* and *Operas*.

Then the Scale would riſe, by Degrees, to *Muſick* and *Dancing*; thence to the *Sock* and *Buſkin*; crowning the *Apex* with ſocial Friendſhip, exerciſed in claſſic and philoſophic Converſe — *Dulce Sodalitium!* as *Martial* ſtiles it, or *Convivium* * *liberale*, according to ſome other Writer; for, as *Cicero* obſerves, upon this latter Expreſſion,

* *Convivium*, from *convivere*, to live together. *Cicero* prefers this *Latin* Term, for a Banquet, to the *Greek* one, Συμπόσιον, or a Drinking-Bout.

preſſion, 'tis in a Communication of this Sort, that Life is moſt truly enjoyed—*O noctes, Cœnæque Deûm!*

Beſides the Subjects of theſe Departments, there would frequently occur ſome miſerable Examples of Perſons, too unwieldy or infirm, to take the Diverſion of country Sports, or rural Recreations; totally unſkilled in the liberal Arts or Exerciſes, and alſo incapable of the Advantages or Amuſements of Converſation or Literature. Theſe being an anomalous Claſs of uneducated Gentry, not marked upon any one Degree of the Scale, I would appropriate ſuch Pleaſures and Enjoyments to, as are likewiſe out of the Series of my purpoſed Revels; namely, *Cards*, and *good Cheer*, *Epulations*, *Compotations*, not *convivial* Joys.

But, to conſider this Topic in a higher Light. The *Athenians* had ſuch a Senſe of the great Efficacy of national Sports, with regard to the Manners and Morals of a People, that they firſt put the *Theatre* under proper Regulations, and then appropriated a conſiderable Fund, ſo peculiarly to it, that they made it Death, by an expreſs Law, for any Member of the Commonwealth, to propoſe the Alienation of that Revenue, even on the moſt preſſing Exigencies of the State.

The

The *French*, who ſeem to have ſtudied human Nature with more Attention than any other of the *European* Nations, pay a particular Compliment to *Manners*, by ſtiling them *les petites Morales*; but this Expreſſion falls ſhort of my Opinion in this Matter; for, as all Politeneſs owes its Merit to an Implication of the more philoſophic Moral, I ſhould rather chuſe to denominate Good-Breeding *les perfectes Morales*. Virtue is like Coin, to which Morals give the *Weight*, but Manners the *Stamp*, that makes it current.

Morals are taught in Schools; Manners are only to be learned in the World: And as, upon that great *Theatre*, Pleaſure has the moſt powerful Effect upon the Mind, a judicious Regulation and Adaption of this ruling Paſſion, and governing Principle, is abſolutely neceſſary toward the Accompliſhment of a liberal Education.

Politeneſs not only adds a Zeſt to the moſt refined Pleaſures, but gives a Reliſh even to the moſt ſenſual Enjoyments; and I have conceived an advantageous Opinion of the Good-Breeding of the *Romans*, from the galant Addreſs of *Horace*, *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and many others of the Claſſicks, which may be obſerved in their Writings, even to their *Filles de Joye*.

I remember a Friend of mine, who had a certain Delicacy in all his Pleaſures, happened once to have an Engagement with a Lady of ſome Condition, but of *remiſs Chaſtity*, and told me he had quitted

quitted her becauſe ſhe uſed often to diſguſt him, by hinting at her former Amours; and concluded with this Expreſſion — "In ſome Things there is "a Pleaſure in deceiving one's Self—I uſed always "to addreſs her with the Reſerve of a Lover, but "ſhe would ſtill anſwer me with the Frankneſs "of a *Courteſan*. My Morals are free enough "for a *Ruelle*, but my Manners not groſs enough "for a *Bagnio*."

I do not deſign, by mentioning ſuch a Subject, to give the leaſt Encouragement to a profligate Courſe of Life — I mean only to hint, that, tho' Men ſhould happen to be Libertines ſometimes, they ought always to conduct themſelves with ſuch Delicacy, even in their moſt abandoned Pleaſures, as that, when they ſhall become reformed in Morals, they may not continue ſtill debauched in Manners.

R. G.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXLIX.

Dear FANNY,

YOUR Approbation has encouraged me — I not only write *to you*, but *for you*. Whenever I either write, or ſpeak, I wiſh for no other Eyes, or Ears, but your's. Your Letter has induced me to carry on the ſame polite Subject with my laſt, in the incloſed.

ESSAY ON ENTERTAINMENT.

Marcus Varro, in a Treatiſe of the Diſpoſition and Order of an elegant Banquet, the Choice, Condition, and Qualties of the Gueſts, begins firſt with their Number, which he ſays ſhould not be leſs than the *Graces*, nor more than the *Muſes*. They ought not to be many, that every Perſon may have his Turn to ſpeak, as well as to hear. A large Company is ſubject to Noiſe and Confuſion; and a Number of Equals cannot be reſtrained within the Bounds of Decency and Reſpect towards each other.

Four Things, he ſays, are requiſite toward an elegant Entertainment. — The Gueſts muſt be of ſome Quality, well-bred, and well-dreſſed: The Place retired from public View, and all Diſturbances of Paſſengers, or Buſineſs, where the Company may hear nothing but what proceeds from themſelves: The Time convenient, neither too late, nor too early; for an early Supper * follows too ſoon upon Dinner, and a late one breaks in upon our Hours of Reſt, as well as the Buſineſs of the next Day: The Apartment, Attendants, and whole Apparatus for the Feaſt, rather neat than fine; elegant than rich; and the Entertainment ſuch as the Invited may afford, each in their Turns.

The Company ſhould not be great Talkers, nor too ſilent; but ingenious Perſons, knowing when to ſpeak, and when to liſten; rather facetious and witty, than argumentative or rhetorical. Eloquence is proper for a Senate, and Diſputation may be neceſſary at the Bar; but a more conciſe Expreſſion, and quicker Repartee, are fitter Talents for familiar Converſe.

The Gueſts ſhould neither be all old, nor all young Men; for the one talk of nothing but former Times, *laudatur temporis acti*; and the other only ſpeak of preſent Debauches, or Amours.

* The chief Meal, among the *Romans*, was their Supper; and all their Banquets, or Entertainments, were made at Night.

Amours. Upon ſuch Meetings, the old ſhould aſſume an Air of Youth, and the young ought to comport themſelves with a *pro tempore* Gravity; which will bring the Extremes to meet in an happy and ſocial Medium. A perfect Company ſhould be like a Concert of Muſic, where the Thirds, Fifths, and Eights, form the Harmony together.

Stories ſhould be rarely introduced, becauſe they prevent the Freedom of Converſation too long, and may occaſion Diſguſt three ſeveral Ways — By being tedious, common, or ill told. The Diſcourſe ought never to turn upon Politics, private Concerns, or Subjects in which any of the Company is at all intereſted; for People are apt to argue about ſuch Matters with ſomewhat more Earneſtneſs, and Warmth, than may be conſiſtent with the Mirth and Chearfulneſs that is chiefly meant to be enjoyed in ſuch Societies, where nothing ſhould be ſpoken of, but ſuch pleaſing and improving Topics, as Beauty, Painting, Muſic, Poetry, or the Antient and Modern Writers: By which charming Themes we may both exerciſe and exalt our Genius, inſtead of puzzling and ſtraining the Mind with abſtruſe Poſitions, or contentious Arguments, which ariſe frequently from an Affectation of ſuperior Knowledge, and is the worſt Effect, as well as the ſureſt Sign of Self-Sufficiency. Such

Perſons often conclude themſelves in the Right, becauſe others chuſe to ſpare themſelves the idle Trouble of proving them in the Wrong; which is an Acquieſcence that their opiniated Obſtinacy exacts from modeſt Senſe, and not any Manner of Compliment to their vain Underſtanding.

To conclude, every Gueſt ought to be left at Liberty, both in Wine as well as Meat; for it is among Men, as among Horſes, the Bridle is required to ſome, and the Spur to others.

Here *Varro* ſeems to have made a falſe Alluſion; for the leaving every Body to their Liberty is an odd Way of *reſtraining* and *ſpurring* People. But the obvious Senſe of this Paſſage, like many of the antient Writings, is different from the true Spirit of the Compoſition. What he means is, that, as every Man knows what Pitch agrees beſt with his own Genius, and Conſtitution, he ſhould be left to his Option, either to uſe a free or moderate Glaſs, according as his own Judgment or Experience may direct.

There is a great deal of Propriety and Delicacy in theſe Sentiments of *Varro*; which I have rather paraphraſed than tranſlated, by Way of Supplement to my *Eſſay on Pleaſures*, becauſe they relate to the higheſt Gradation marked upon

upon the *Scale* there deſcribed, and cloſe with a Maxim, which I ſhould be pleaſed to recommend to the Attention of our *modern* World. From what groſs Miſtake can it poſſibly ariſe, that to force a Perſon to an Exceſs of Liquor ſhall be deemed the higheſt Point of Hoſpitality, while the reſtraining him from over heating himſelf in any other Exerciſe, is accounted among the Kindneſſes of a Friend! *Tollite barbarum morem*—But it would be treating my Readers like drunken Men, to purſue ſo obvious an Argument farther.

R. G.

LETTER CCCCL.

My dear FANNY,

THE ſame Train of Thought ſtill preſſes upon me, and I ſhall once more attempt to throw ſome Reflections together, upon a Subject of the ſame, or rather hither Delicacy, beſides being infinitely more home-felt, and intereſting, than either of the former Topics, in

AN ESSAY ON WEDLOCK.

AS I have a juſt Honour for the truly rational and virtuous State of Matrimony, which, to conſider meerly as a political Inſtitution, I look upon to be the beſt Scheme for Morals, Poſterity, and mutual Happineſs, that could poſſibly be contrived, I ſhall, by Way of Compariſon between a married and a libertine Life, ſhew the Advantages that a Miſtreſs has over a Wife, not with the leaſt Deſign of giving a Preference to the former, but by Way of aſſiſting the latter to frame certain Rules for her own ſafe Conduct, through this State of Trial and Probation.

Men

Men have often been ſaid to be fonder, and more under the Influence of Miſtreſſes than of Wives; and, in general, I believe this Obſervation to be true, for the following Reaſons:

Men are apt to flatter themſelves, that Women ſeldom ſacrifice their Chaſtity, except to Love, alone, and ſo become the fond Dupes of their too credulous Vanity.

The Lover's Stay is ſhort; he leaves his Miſtreſs with Regret, which urges quick Return. Their whole Time is paſſed in meeting and parting Intervals, the tendereſt Moments of a Lover's Life. She fond, and he grateful, mutually conferring and returning Obligations, the ſtrongeſt Cement of endearing Affections. No joint Property, or common Intereſt between them, from whence domeſtic Strife too oft ariſes. The Part a Miſtreſs has to act is ſhort; ſo that leſs Merit and Addreſs may enable her to perform it with Applauſe. The Miſtreſs exhibits herſelf only *on the Stage*, the Wife is ſeen in the *Green-Room*. She adjuſts her Dreſs, Looks, and Behaviour, for the appointed Hour. A Watch may go very well for an Evening, that might loſe Time in the whole Day. A Miſtreſs leſſens her Power as ſhe approaches to a Wife. A Perſon once told me, that he had quitted one, whom he was even then fond of, becauſe ſhe had become ſo interfering, and domineering, that he

began to find no Difference between her and a Wife — *except the Sin of Fornication.*

In ſhort, the Œconomy of Matrimony, on the Wife's Part, ſhould be to imitate the Manners of a Miſtreſs, in order to preſerve her Empire. A Friend of mine, ſpeaking to me one Day about his Wife, aſſured me, that ſhe was ſo much unlike one, in every Particular, ſave Modeſty and Œconomy, that if a Law ſhould happen to be framed to aboliſh Marriage, he would court her again for a Miſtreſs.

On the other Hand, Huſbands ſhould be alſo careful to keep up a Spirit of Galantry toward their Wives, in order preſerve, on both Sides, that elegant Band of Union, Politeneſs, and fond Senſations. They ſhould avoid that careleſs and ſlovenly Air, which Men are too apt to degenerate into after Marriage. They ſhould even dreſs for them, with as much Attention as when they were Lovers, *comis in uxorem*; for Chaſtity is no Preſervative againſt Diſguſt; and, though Virtue alone may inſure the Fidelity of a Wife, it muſt be the Huſband's Merits that can retain her Affections. How unſpirited, how indelicate an Obligation is Duty ſole! But, united with Affection, the Marriage-Knot, like the double Ties in Muſic, ſuperadds a briſker Spirit to the Concert.

The

The ancient *Romans* had ſo refined a Sentiment with regard to this Point, that they interdicted Donations of Eſtates between Man and Wife in order to prevent their Affections from degenerating into Obligation, or being influenced by leſs free or generous Principles, than mutual Tenderneſs and præcordial Simpathy.

Surely, a Wife is an Object worthy of *les petits ſoins*, as well as of the greater Duties; and it is by theſe leſſer Aſſiduities, conſtant Attentions, and little Offices, tho', all trifling in themſelves, that a ſincere Paſſion manifeſts itſelf more than by the higheſt Acts of Liberality and Kindneſs; for Love, contrary to every other Paſſion, ſhews itſelf more in ſmall Things than in great ones.

Whenever Perſons begin to betray an Indifference toward theſe ſmaller Cares, one may venture to pronounce, that their Attachment will not long ſurvive; for this delicate Sentiment, like Chaſtity, is forfeited totally by the firſt Slip. It is Religion; a Failure in the ſlighteſt Branch is a Breach of the Whole; and injured in the moſt diſtant Part, like *Achilles*, wounded in the Heel, it languiſhes—it expires.

In fine, I ſhall conclude theſe Reflections with this admirable Advice of St. *Paul—Let thoſe who are married, live as thoſe who are not.*

This

This Paper may be conſidered as a proper Sequel to my two former Eſſays on *Pleaſure* and *Entertainment*; for, as far as the ſocial Commerce of Friendſhip excels all the other Enjoyments graduated on the *Scale*, by ſo much,— by infinitely more, — is that tranſcended, by the chaſte Bliſs of conjugal Connections; which, like the Union of Soul and Body, is a mutual Solace, an interchangeable Support in this Life; and, like that miſtic Context, alſo, a juſt Deportment therein affords, moreover, the ſureſt Earneſt, and moſt enlivening Hope of Happineſs hereafter.

Felices ter, et ampliùs,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulſus querimoniis,
Suprema citiùs ſolvet amor die.

R. G.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLI.

My dear HARRY,

I AM charmed with both your Eſſays, as well as the former; but more particularly with the laſt. The Hints in it are well worth the Attention of all Women, who would keep alive the veſtal Warmth of a married State. But, what pleaſed me moſt, was your concluding the Writing with the very Motto you had prefixed to The *Series*. Shall I flatter myſelf? Yes, I will; for this I have a *natural* Right to, at leaſt, whether I deſerve the Compliment, or no.

I had ſelected three ſtriking Paſſages, from your *Trio*, when I had the Manuſcript, and wrote them down in my Pocket-Book. They might be formed into proper Paragraphs, here, and I ſhall therefore ſend you a Copy of them, in this Letter; and for a further Reaſon too, that the only Way I can poſſibly equal your Writing, is by tranſcribing your own Thoughts and Expreſſion.

" Oh! my dear *Carewe!* cried he out, in a " Rapture, there is ſomewhat in the rich Endow- " ment of a chaſte Woman's Love, which ex- " ceeds all human Bliſs.—How low is Ambition, " how poor are Riches, how inſipid is Pleaſure,

" when

" when void of this enlivening Spirit! Love " cannot be deemed a diſtinct Paſſion, but " rather the informing Soul of every other " Sentiment, or Affection, in the human " Breaſt. It refreſhes Labour, relieves Care, " and gives Enjoyment to Poſſeſſion. It not " only inſpirits our Moral, but even Religion is " but cold Philoſophy without it." *

" The Pleaſures I enjoyed, in my new State " of Life, are not to be imagined, but by one " who has had the Happineſs both to love, " eſteem, and poſſeſs a Woman of Senſe, " Beauty, and Virtue. I was then ſenſible, for " the firſt Time of my Life, of a certain ſolid " and permanent Joy; for the Happineſs of " Marriage, like the Intereſt of Money, ariſes " from a regular and eſtabliſhed fund.—Liber- " tines ſquander the *Principal*, and ſo become " Bankrupts." †

" For, oh! I loved her to the laſt Moment " of her Exiſtence, with tenfold the Ardour " with which I firſt received her virgin Sacrifice " to my longing Arms. For, where true vir- " tuous Paſſion is, the Torch of *Hymen* but " ſinges the Wings of *Cupid*, and anneals his " Arrows." ‡

* Chapter XLII. Third Paragraph.
† Chapter XLV. Fourth Paragraph.
‡ Chapter LIII. latter Part of the Second Paragraph.

You

You deſerve a Statue, with the Torch of *Hymen* in your Hand, to be erected to you, for theſe three Paragraphs; and I would have the Paſſages inſcribed on the Pedeſtal. Indeed I do not know any Perſon, who has done more Honour to this happy State, both by their Life and Writings, than yourſelf; and my deareſt *Harry* has quelled one female Vice in his frail *Fanny*, by placing her above the Temptation of envying any other Woman alive.

Adieu! my *Hymen*.

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLII.

My dear FANNY,

I Received your flattering Letter, your *Vote*, your *Decree*, or *Apotheoſis*, for my Exaltation. Nay, there is ſomething more generous, in your Compliment, even than all this, according to *Congreve*'s *Jeu de Mots*,

" For, to forget what we beſtow,
" Beſpeaks a noble Mind."

You really ſeem to forget that the whole Merit, of the ſecond Paragraph quoted in your laſt Letter, conſiſts in the Simile, and that this is entirely your own. You threw it out, ſome Years ago, in a general Converſation upon this Subject; and, though it ſtruck me at the Time, I never recollected it ſince, 'till it happened to occur to my Mind, when I was writing the Paſſage where I have introduced it. I thought it no Plagiariſm, to borrow from you—When ſhall I be able to pay? But our Stock of Wit, as well as Property, is the *Common of Two*—And who can determine whoſe Thought it is,

" Where Words meet Words, e'er from
" the Lips they part,
" And each warm Wiſh ſprings mutual
" from the Heart?"

However,

However, I ſhall always be ſo far honeſt, as to own the Debt, at leaſt, tho' I cannot pay it; and ſhall therefore acknowledge to the Publick, when I print The *Triumvirate*, that the Poem, in Chapter XXXVIII. the other, in the XLVth Chapter, and the pathetic Soliloquy, in Chapter LIV. were all wrote by you, not to embelliſh this Work, but long before thrown out, upon Feelings of your own, and occaſionally introduced here, and that very fairly too, without any Plagiariſm at all, as I ſhall be ever proud to acknowledge, that I drew the amiable Character of Mrs. *Andrews*, to whom theſe Writings are imputed, from yourſelf.

There is another Particular, too, that I ſhall ſtill be more proud to publiſh to the World; which is, that the very Day after you had written the laſt of theſe Papers, the Duke and Ducheſs of *Bedford*, to whom Diſtreſs alone is ſufficient Merit, without any other Recommendation than our Story, hinted at in The *Series*, had provided us with, moſt generouſly and diſintereſtedly took us both under their Patronage and Protection. It were, ſurely, a *Plagiariſm* of the moſt criminal Nature, *a Theft in Gratitude*, not to acknowledge the Obligations we owe to Humanity, Benevolence, or Liberality. This is the only Way we can repay ſuch Debts; which has this happy Effect, at the ſame Time, to leſſen the Weight, without weakening the Senſe of them.

" The

" The grateful Mind, by owing, owes not,
" But ſtands, at once, indebted, and diſcharged."

Adieu! my *Frances.*

Henry.

The END of the THIRD VOLUME.

6 MA 50

N. B. The Note, purpoſed in this Letter, was not inſerted in The *Triumvirate*, becauſe the Author did not put his Name to the Book.